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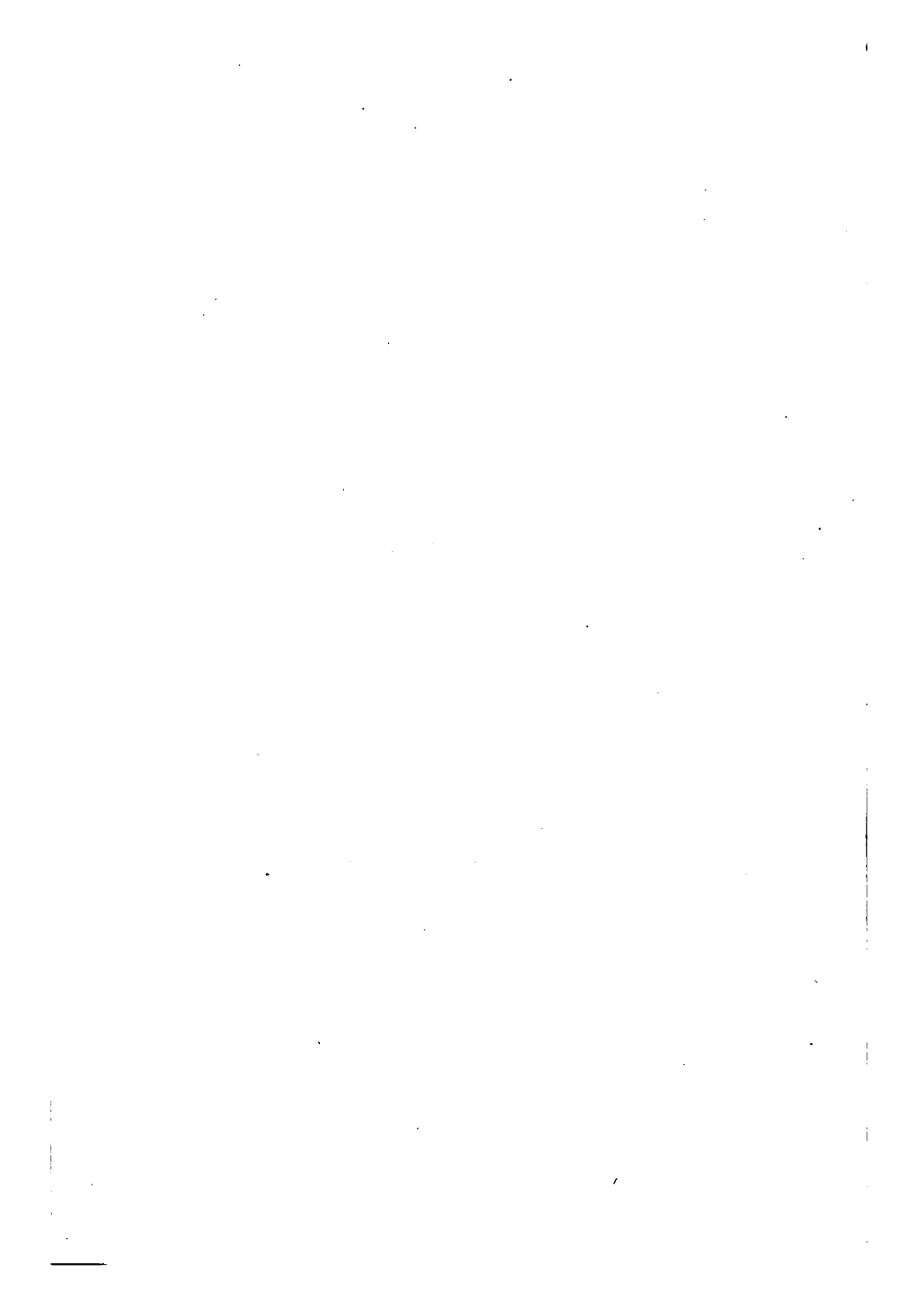
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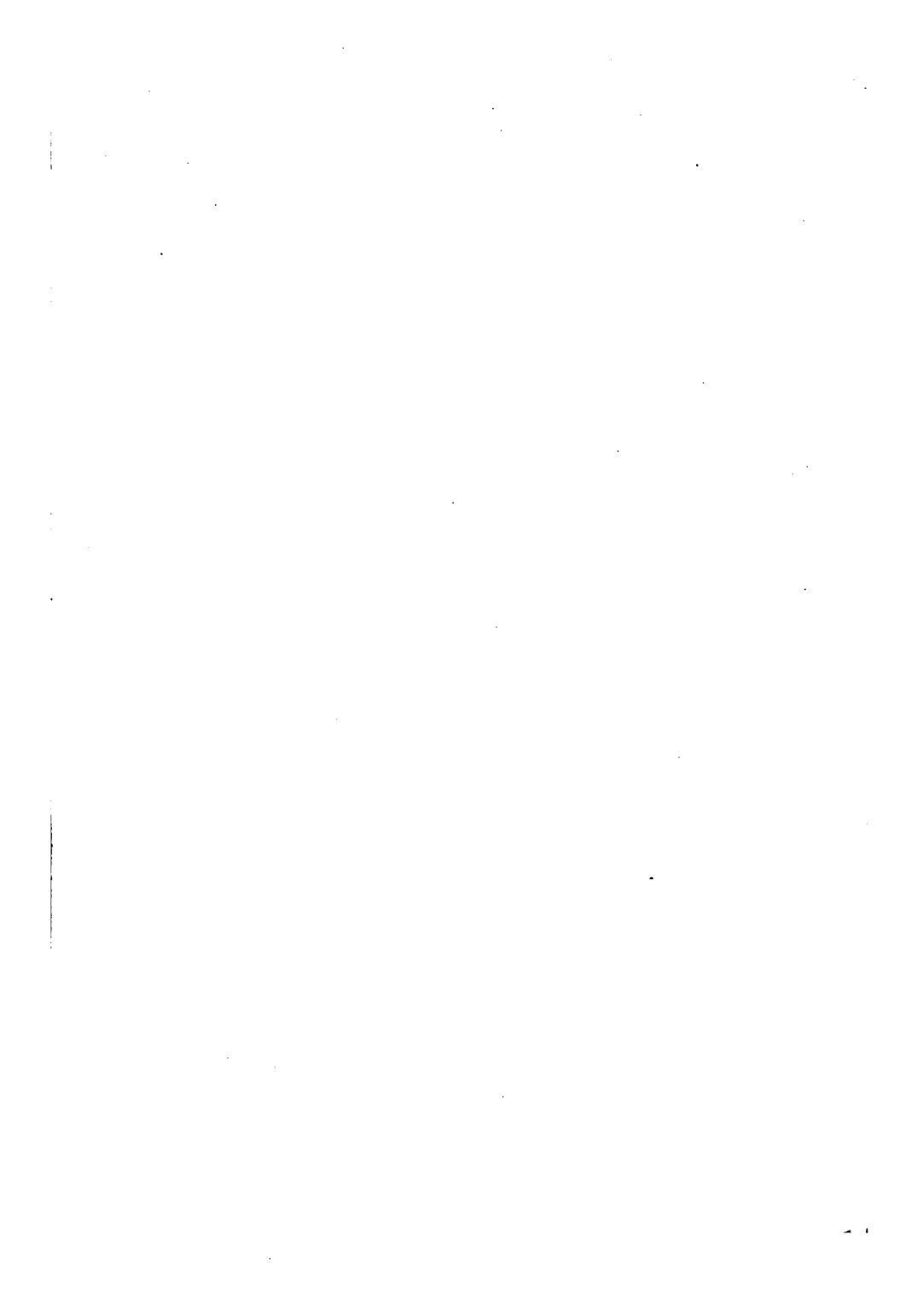
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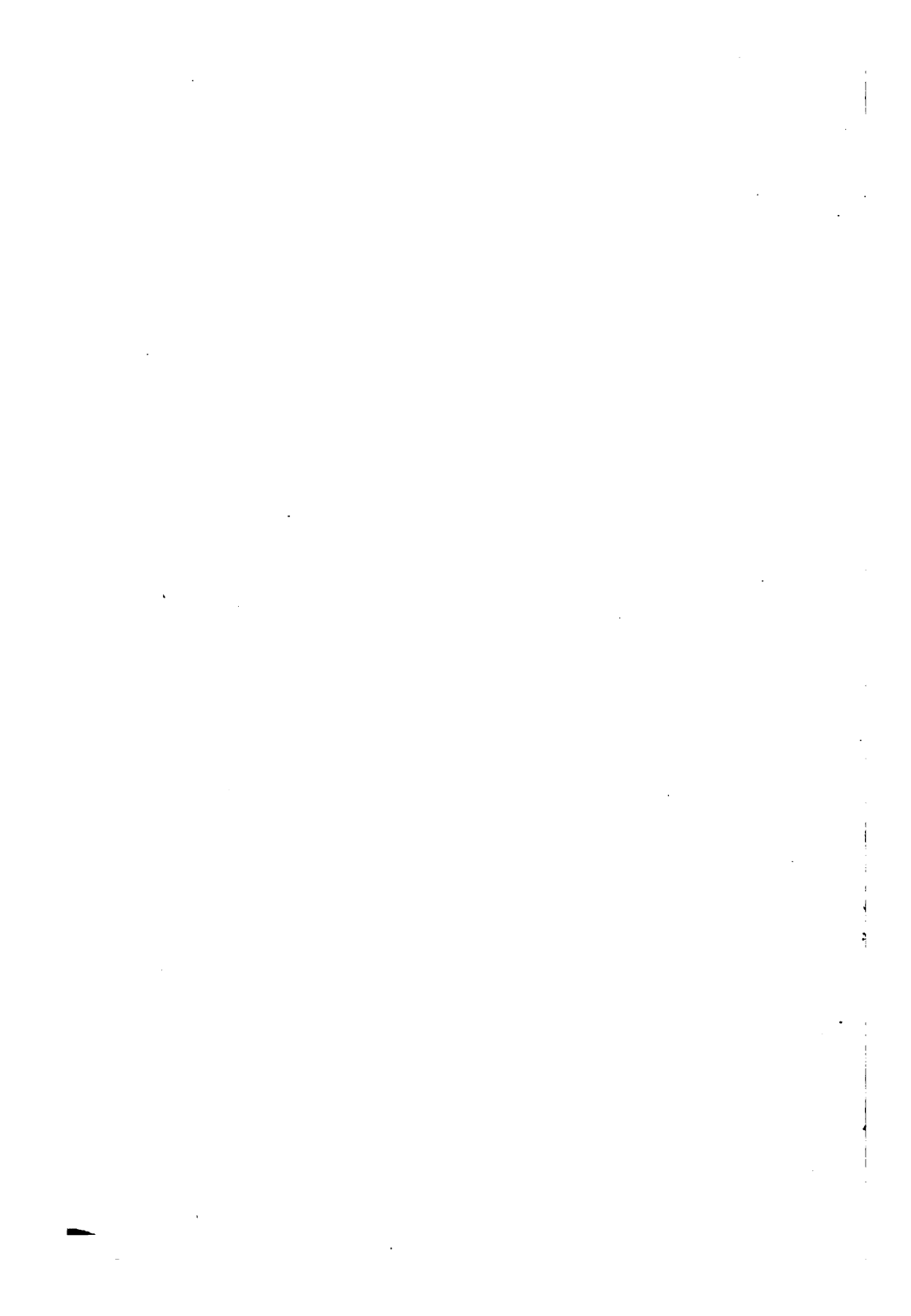
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RECOLLECTIONS
OF
A HAPPY LIFE

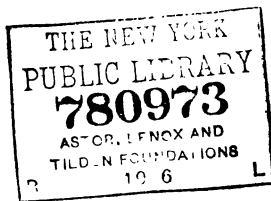
BY
ELIZABETH CHRISTOPHERS HOBSON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
LOUISA LEE SCHUYLER

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
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INTRODUCTION

TO THE FIRST PUBLISHED EDITION

AN unfinished autobiography! An unknown author! How came this little book to be written? How came it to be published?

In the Preface to the edition printed for private circulation, which follows these few lines, will be found the story of how the book came to be written. As for publication—nothing more remote could have entered the mind of the gifted hostess, as she told her charming tales of life, love, and adventure to the friends gathered about her tea table in Bar Harbor, or who sat with her in Washington over a blazing wood-fire on a winter's night. Not without much persuasion could Mrs. Hobson be finally induced to commit her "story-telling" to paper. The writing once begun, she became interested in it; but the

Preface, Oct. 12, 1881.

work was never completed. Much, alas! had been left unsaid, when Death—that unwelcome guest—came to stay the pen in hand.

At first the manuscript was thought too personal to be printed, even for private use, but finally it was decided to print, with some omissions and for private circulation only, a small, limited edition of the book. Gradually, the much-worn copies found their way, as loans, into the hands of persons who had not known Mrs. Hobson, to be returned with the invariable request that the book might be published. And this from men and women whose literary judgment is undisputed, and who fully recognize the fragmentary character of the work; but who also recognize the exceptional personality, as well as the literary ability of the unknown author.

It is now four years since Mrs. Hobson died, in her eighty-first year. Many of those of whom she has written have passed away; the consent of other friends and of her family to the publication of the memoirs has been obtained; the only condition made by the latter being that any profits derived shall be used for the benefit of some one of the philanthropic objects in which Mrs. Hobson was

interested.* Finally, one of the leading publishing houses, the senior member of which had enjoyed Mrs. Hobson's hospitality in Washington, and had knowledge of her active and valuable services in the fight for international copyright of many years ago, has placed its imprint upon the book.

And so it has come to pass that the *Recollections of a Happy Life* is now given to the public.

However tempting the theme may be, I shall refrain from giving any account of Mrs. Hobson, of her New England heritage, her married life in South America, her various social and philanthropic interests and achievements in New York and Washington, of the winters spent in Italy and on the Bosphorus. She tells it all so well herself, and any added word of mine would only spoil the charm. For it is charm—that indescribable, elusive quality—which permeates this simple, direct, and unpretending little narrative.

And here—well may one pause! For how can one write of a life so replete with happiness, while the deep undertone of war, the suffering, the desolation, the horror of this great Euro-

*The Bellevue Training School for Nurses has been selected.

pean struggle, is forever sounding and resounding from the depths below. How can we for one moment not remember the tragedy of Belgium, that gallant little country, whose heroism made her name immortal, so cruelly trampled under foot, so certain to come into her own again. England and France!—names not to be mentioned without a thrill of admiration and sympathy—those two great nations, fighting side by side in behalf of freedom, justice, and humanity, for the rights and liberties of the smaller, weaker states of Europe, for civilization itself. Opposed to them stand military imperialism, the lust of conquest, the passion which aims at world-wide domination, the violation of all principles of honor and humanity, a descent even to the warfare of those barbarous countries which, by government decree, authorize the murder and persecution of non-combatants. The lines are clearly drawn.

To those who had the privilege of knowing the writer of this autobiography, no assurance is needed as to where her sympathies would have lain had she been with us today, nor of her advocacy of the principles of righteousness and justice. And those qualities which have

made her so beloved, her efforts in behalf of the oppressed, and her warm heart would most certainly have found her enrolled in that great army of her country-women whose time and thought, for the past two years, have been devoted to the relief of suffering caused by the war.

As it is—what does our friend give us today? A bit of sunshine thrown across the background of a dark and ominous cloud, the sound of running waters, the sparkle of the sea, a murmur of gay, young voices—an hour's respite from the sadness of today, an hour of rest, of solace, of happiness, from which we return to take up our lives, refreshed and strengthened.

LOUISA LEE SCHUYLER.

HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

July 15, 1916.



PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION
PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

To those friends of Mrs. Joseph Hobson who, several years ago, signed a petition asking her to write her memoirs.

MANY of us will remember how often we have asked Mrs. Hobson to write her memoirs, to put on paper some account of her various experiences,—those sparkling anecdotes, those interesting narratives—which we, who have had the privilege of her delightful companionship, have so greatly enjoyed.

We received but little encouragement. Mrs. Hobson, in full health and vigor notwithstanding her seventy odd years, was actively engaged in various pursuits, both grave and gay. She “had not time”—“she had nothing of interest to say”—“there are so many memoirs not worth reading.”

Finally, Mrs. Richard Aldrich conceived the happy idea of putting into verse a “Petition,” a petition which, signed by twenty-four of Mrs. Hobson’s friends, was sent to her, in the spring of 1907.*

* A copy of these verses, with the signatures, will be found in the Appendix.

This determined her to make the attempt. She became interested, and often spoke during the last years of her life of the pleasure it had given her to write these "Recollections of a Happy Life," as she called them. "For I *have* had a happy life," she would say.

Occasionally she would read to her friends one or two of the chapters, as she wrote them. "What do you mean to do with them?" she was asked one day. "I mean to leave them to all of you who have asked me to write them," was the prompt reply. "You may do anything you like with them."

And now the time has come. The bright spirit, brave and cheerful in death as in life, has passed on to another world.*

Desirous of carrying out her wishes, Mrs. Hobson's family handed over to "those who had asked her to write them" the manuscript of the memoirs, to be disposed of as they might deem best.

Those who were present well remember the little gathering of friends, coming some of them from Washington, who met in New York on the 7th of March, 1913, to decide

* Mrs. Hobson died in Bar Harbor, Maine, June 11, 1912, in her eighty-first year.

upon the disposition of the manuscript. It was more of a memorial than a business meeting. The first and last pages of the memoirs were read, with extracts from Mrs. Hobson's last letters, while many loved to recall the last time they had seen her and to speak tenderly and gratefully of the friend they had lost.

In regard to the memoirs. All present were desirous of having them preserved in permanent form, all conceded a high order of literary merit, and several advocated immediate publication. But the consensus of opinion was that they were too personal for publication—certainly not for many years to come, not until the chief actors had passed away—but that a small number of copies, printed by her friends for private circulation among themselves, would be more satisfactory and appropriate. This was also known to be in accordance with the wishes of Mrs. Hobson's family. The conclusions finally reached were: that an edition of the memoirs, limited to two hundred and fifty copies, should be printed for private circulation under the name of "Recollections of a Happy Life," this being the name already chosen for them by Mrs. Hobson; that the edition should be simple in form, not

an *edition-de-luxe*; that the book should not be sold, all copies to be given gratuitously, and all expenses defrayed by those for whom the manuscript had been written. It was also decided, that the three so-called "philanthropic chapters," owing to their public interest, should be reprinted for wider gratuitous circulation, more especially among "First Aid" and other social service workers and to be given to the libraries of Training Schools for Nurses.*†

Miss Schuyler was requested to edit the memoirs; after which the meeting adjourned.

The editor was at once confronted by a serious difficulty. One of Mrs. Hobson's

* These three chapters are: "The Founding of the Bellevue Training School for Nurses," "First Aid to the Injured" and "Southern Trip."

† The original plan of printing a separate edition of these three chapters has been abandoned, owing to the publication of the entire book, which includes them.

The modern training school for nurses, founded by Florence Nightingale, dates from the opening of the Nightingale School in St. Thomas' Hospital, London, on the 24th of June, 1860. It was not until thirteen years later that the Nightingale system was introduced into this country by the opening, May 1, 1873, of the Bellevue Training School, known, for this reason, as "the first training school for nurses in this country." The Nightingale system is now adopted by all our large hospitals, in the organization of their training schools, and is the accepted standard. It is believed that Mrs. Hobson's account of the organization of the Bellevue School will be found of especial interest to the members of the nursing profession, who also owe to Miss Nightingale the elevation of the nursing service into a profession. Copies of this book will be found in the libraries of the principal training schools.—
Editor, 1916.

marked characteristics was her devotion and loyalty to her friends. She was never known to speak disparagingly of one to the other; she loved to be with them (as they with her); she made time for them. She exaggerated their good qualities and minimized their weaknesses in all sincerity and good faith. Naturally, after reading the manuscript, one after the other of those mentioned came to the editor to say that, much as they valued the generous, warm-hearted tribute of their friend, the over-estimation was such that, so far as they were concerned, that particular paragraph must be omitted from the printed copy. What was to be done? The memoirs were made up of personalities from beginning to end. If all were omitted, there would be nothing left. And so, with much reluctance, it was mutually agreed that, while each would make allowances for the over-estimation of themselves and others, it would be best to let the pages stand as she, out of her warm, generous heart, had written them, to be printed in the very limited, private edition only.

One other matter requires mention. An erroneous impression has been received that, owing to the fragmentary character of parts of the narrative, much has been omitted. This is

not so. It is true that Mrs. Hobson's family has very properly withheld certain portions, which were too personal for even private printing at this time. But this in no wise affects the literary merit of the memoirs as they stand. Mrs. Hobson was not an author. She never wrote for publication—beyond philanthropic reports. She wrote these memoirs at the urgent request of her friends and as time served during the last years of a very busy life. The surprise is that so much was written. She did not write consecutively, a chapter here and there as the fancy took her, writing as she expressed it "from the point of the pen, just as the incidents crowded into my mind," without books of reference or any attempts at serious work, but simply "recollections" as she called them. Some of the chapters are full and rounded, others were begun and not finished, others are fragments. The headings of the chapters are hers, but not the sequence, and but few dates were given.

The book is not a biography, it is an unfinished autobiography, but so replete with interest and charm that it must always be a regret that it was never completed. Mrs. Hobson had meant to have written more, to have filled in the gaps, to have interspersed

new chapters, to have written of a journey to Japan with Mrs. Osborn, in 1897, and other experiences. All this had been planned for that very summer of 1912, in Bar Harbor, of which she saw but the first June days.

The editor has simply supplied dates, and verified statements so far as this has been possible through attainable information. With three exceptions, however.

Mrs. Hobson, before her death, had asked her friend and fellow-worker, Miss Schuyler, to revise for her the two chapters entitled "The Founding of the Bellevue Training School for Nurses" and "First Aid to the Injured," for which she had no books of reference at hand. The interest to the editor of this pleasant task was still further enhanced by the fact, already stated, that these were two of the three chapters selected for wider circulation, as reprints, owing to their importance and public interest. They have therefore been very thoroughly revised, with added notes, each statement verified from original sources, the narrative now being historically accurate. The same is true of the other chapter "Southern Trip," which has been revised by Mrs. Archibald Hopkins, who accompanied Mrs. Hobson on her journey to the South.

The explanatory notes have been appended for the enlightenment of a public which should know, but which does not know, how deeply it is indebted to Mrs. Hobson.*

For the dates and other information required for the main body of the memoirs, the editor is indebted to the family of Mrs. Hobson. She desires also to acknowledge her indebtedness to Miss Mary Parsons for other valuable assistance.

Several of Mrs. Hobson's friends, who knew her intimately, have said that she has not done herself justice in these memoirs, that no one would know from them of the power of sympathy and the force of character which were hers, that she had not given the deeper side of her nature. But may not this have been intentional? Did not she mean to give the light touch, to pass over with a word the shadows one knows were there? Were not the "Recollections of a Happy Life" meant to depict the happy side of that life, not the sorrows and the trials which come to all? So it would seem. For, be her own words what

*The three chapters were not reprinted and issued as a separate edition, as was originally proposed, this plan having been abandoned when the publication of the book was decided upon. See page VI.—*Editor, 1916.*

they may, those who knew Mrs. Hobson well could never for a moment doubt her deep sympathy with those in trouble, the earnestness of her convictions, the abiding sense of the fundamental principles which governed her life.

To the friend who has had the privilege of editing these memoirs, the work has been one of very great pleasure. As one turns the pages again and again, the narrative never loses its freshness, nor the clear, flowing style its charm. The social traits, so characteristic of Mrs. Hobson, are all there—the vivacity, humor, quick perception, the wide interests, freedom from prejudice and independence of thought, the adaptability to new countries and strange peoples of the true cosmopolitan—all are to be found in these pages. Nor is there lacking the more earnest side, the sympathy with suffering and with the oppressed which, united with enthusiasm, ability and industry, have made her a power for good, far-reaching and enduring. It is a great gift, this which our friend has given to us, for into these pages she has put *herself*.

LOUISA LEE SCHUYLER.

NEW YORK,
May, 1914.

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Childhood must pass away, and then youth, as surely as age approaches. The true wisdom is to be always seasonable, and to change with a good grace with changing circumstances. To love playthings well as a child, to lead an adventurous and honorable youth, and to settle, when the time arrives, into a green and smiling age, is to be a good artist in life and deserve well of yourself and your neighbor.

STEVENSON.

APOLOGIA

I DOUBT very much if these Recollections will ever be read except by the friends who requested me to write them, and who may survive me. I may not live to finish them, for I am now in my eightieth year, but I cannot forbear expressing now the pleasure I have had in writing them, thus recalling the memories of the happy past, for which I thank Almighty God. To me Agur's prayer has been granted: "Give me neither poverty nor riches, feed me with food convenient for me." I have had perfect health, devoted relatives and friends, no pecuniary anxieties, and of the world I have seen its best. Bishops and statesmen, authors and artists, philanthropists and scientists, have been among my friends; and women, some of the noblest in many countries. So with a grateful heart I lay down my pen, with a tender farewell to those I love and who have loved me.

E. C. H.

CORNERSMEET COTTAGE,
BAR HARBOR,

September, 1911.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A HAPPY LIFE

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A HAPPY LIFE

I

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

1831-1850

I AM asked by some dear friends to write my reminiscences, to put into writing some of the anecdotes I have told them of my long and somewhat varied life. To please them, I shall make the attempt and, after I am gone, they must decide whether it is desirable to publish them or not; if not, they must destroy them.

In thinking over the matter, I find that my life has been divided into four epochs, all of which have had a distinct effect upon my character, probably from their absolutely different environments. The first was my life till I married, at the age of nineteen, December 4, 1850. The second was my married life in South America, till 1869; the third, the thirteen years passed in New York, till 1882;

and fourth, after I became a widow, the twenty-six years when I have had my home in Washington, varied by frequent visits, of long and short periods, to Europe.

I am descended from the early Puritan stock, and I have felt its influence on my character all my life. In spite of my residence in many different countries, the heredity in me has always been supreme. Romanism, Episcopacy, Agnosticism, Mysticism, Christian Science, in spite of the efforts of their followers, have all failed to produce any permanent impression upon me. Not that I am a Puritan, like my ancestors; I know nothing and care less for the old dogmas, election, predestination; but the Puritan conscience, so-called, has followed me all my life, has protected me in many moments of temptation and doubt; and now, when the old creeds are passing away and new ones arising, I am undisturbed, feeling a blessed assurance that the simple teachings of Jesus are influencing mankind more and more, and that the cruel creeds and stupid dogmas, over which mankind has fought for centuries, will soon be forgotten, to give place, let us hope, to peace on earth and good will to men.

I had an opportunity, recently, to see the

genealogical tree of one of the branches of my mother's family. Ichabod Wetmore, who came from Wales about 1680, was one of the first settlers of Middletown, Conn. He was married three times, and had seventeen children. His children, for several generations, had large families, nine and ten children, until now they have dwindled to two and three. It is a mystery to me how they managed to bring up their families as they did, for there was nothing sordid about their lives: they were intelligent, well educated and self-respecting. Look at the commonwealths they founded, what good laws they passed, their schools and colleges, and such intelligent men and women, and how strong and dignified the men, how refined and graceful the women. I have a miniature of my grandmother, by Malbone, and I like to feel that I am descended from such a refined and beautiful woman. My mother, her daughter, whose portrait at the age of fifty hangs above me as I write, has an air of distinction and repose, which one does not see in the women of her age nowadays, in their low dresses and wigs, pearls and diamonds, smoking cigarettes and playing bridge. But these reflections are useless, so I will proceed with my story.

I had a most happy childhood. I was the eldest of five girls, and as they will be frequently mentioned in my story, I will name them now. I, the eldest, am Elizabeth, married to Joseph Hobson;* Mary, married to General Berdan; Lucy, married to the Hon. L. P. Morton; Caroline, married to Colonel R. G. Lay; and Fanny, who died unmarried. I have said that my father and mother came of the best New England stock. My father's uncle was Samuel Huntington, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and my mother was the direct descendant, through her father, of Samuel Hinsdale, the first settler of Deerfield, Mass., so well known in our Colonial history as the scene of the famous Indian massacre. Mr. Blaine once asked me where I came from, and I told him my father's name, Elijah Huntington Kimball. "Your people came from Ipswich," he exclaimed; "you will find all their graves in the churchyard there." Being at Beverly some time after, I proposed to my nieces to look up our ancestors at Ipswich. On arriving at the graveyard, we dispersed in different directions to find the Kimballs. Pres-

* Elizabeth Christophers Hobson. Daughter of Elijah Huntington and Sarah Wetmore Kimball. *Born*—November 22, 1831. *Married*—Joseph Hobson, of Baltimore, Maryland December 4, 1850.

ently I came upon a tombstone dedicated to the memory of Richard Kimball, 1656, with the epitaph, "An honest man's the noblest work of God." I called to the girls to give up their search, as we could be satisfied, as well as proud, of the ancestor I had found. One story connected with the early history of my family is an account of a visit of Captain Kidd, the pirate, to Gardiner's Island, in July, 1699, just before his last voyage, when he was captured and executed in England. John Lyon Gardiner, 3rd Proprietor of Gardiner's Island, was absent, and his wife, to propitiate her dangerous visitor, invited the pirate to come ashore and dine with her. He returned his thanks and, with the message, he sent her a piece of Oriental embroidery, known in the family as "The Kidd Blanket," and also an East Indian jar of sweetmeats, known as "The Kidd Pitcher." The embroidery is two yards long by three-fourths wide, crimson, green and gold, in stripes, and is as bright and perfect as when first woven. It is sometimes called "The Kidd Altar Cloth," as it was presumed that the pirate took it from a church. This heirloom came into my line of descent from Gardiner's Island, through my ancestress, Mrs. Allen, who in 1710 became the third wife

of John Lyon Gardiner. She was not the mother of his Gardiner children, but the altar cloth probably came into her possession. Her son, Fitz John Allen, received it from her, and through his daughter, Elizabeth Allen, who married Christopher Christophers, it has come to me, through five generations of Elizabeth Christophers. "The Kidd Pitcher" has also been preserved and, bound with a silver band and inscription, is now in the possession of a descendant of John Lyon Gardiner, my dear friend, Mrs. Henry Fairfield Osborn, of New York.

So much for my ancestors. I like, however, to recall the life at my grandfather's house, in New Hampshire, where I passed many summers, because, as I look back upon it, in view of life at present, I repeat that it seems incredible that so much refinement and culture could have been coexistent with what must have been very narrow means and a restricted life. The farm was of about five hundred acres, beautifully situated on the Connecticut River, four miles south of Dartmouth College. There was a large, comfortable house, shaded by "immemorial elms," great barns and outhouses for the numerous horses and cattle, and, as I remember it, life was very busy and interesting.

My grandfather was an old Puritan. Oh! how long those prayers were, and those sermons he read aloud rainy Sundays when we could not go the four miles to church, where, on pleasant days, we stayed to two services and Sunday school, eating our luncheon, which we had brought in a basket, between services. He was a fine old man, full of energy and prejudices, as we would call them now. The first time I ever heard an oath was when I heard him damn Jefferson!

He managed on what must have been a very small income to support and educate his large family. His two sons went to college, his four daughters to Miss Emma Willard's school at Troy, the fashionable school of the day, and were most accomplished women. Two of them lived to fill conspicuous positions in society. The elder, Eunice, married the son of the Squire, the smart young man of the country. He fell into bad habits, so my grandfather brought her home, and instead of being divorced, as she would have been now, and marrying again, she became the good angel of the village, founded a church and Sunday school, and her beautiful garden was celebrated. She did not talk much about it—gardens were not the fashion then—though everyone cultivated

the flowers which are now so admired as old-fashioned. I doubt if my aunt ever heard of an Italian garden, but, as she was well-read in English literature, she had probably read Bacon and taken some hints from him. I don't know where her plants came from, but I have a distinct remembrance of the first stalk of heliotrope I ever saw, which she gave me, and I never smell it now without thinking of Aunt Eunice. To her I owe my memories of the "Vicar of Wakefield," "Sir Charles Grandison," and the "Children of the Abbey," and last, but not least, the Bible, and especially the New Testament. My grandfather preferred the Old, and quoted the Prophets and spoke of them as familiarly as if he had been brought up with them. My aunt always wore a cap with borders of fine lace, tied under her chin with rose-colored ribbons. I always thought of her as very old. Not long since, in looking over the records in the family Bible, I found that she died at the age of forty-two.

My grandparents lived to be over ninety, and theirs must have been a strenuous life. Almost everything which we buy now at the grocer was made on the place. I remember the intense interest I took in seeing the cheese and butter made, the candles formed, the wool

spun, the preserves prepared. I was proud to assist, especially at Thanksgiving, when the mince meat was being mixed and the apple and pumpkin pies were made, the pastry by my aunt's delicate fingers. It was she who always pleated the cambric ruffles on my grandfather's shirts. All my three aunts did the most beautiful muslin embroidery, babies' caps, dresses, and exquisite long scarfs on India muslin. How did they accomplish it all? My Aunt Lucy, who was celebrated for her beauty, died at the age of thirty-five in Philadelphia, where she went to live on her second marriage with Mr. James Stuart. She and her sister Caroline both first married brothers, Scotchmen, named Young, who were owners of coal mines in Pottsville, Penn. Their husbands died within a year of each other, of consumption, and the two young widows, both under thirty, returned to their father's house in New Hampshire, driving all the way in their own carriage. I can see Henry, the colored coachman, and the two black horses now, and I can recall my feeling of pride when the steps were let down for me to enter the great heavy coach.

My Aunt Caroline married a second time Professor Haddock, of Dartmouth College, a nephew of Daniel Webster, and I cannot re-

member a handsomer or more high-bred gentleman than he.

Now I must speak of New York, and tell of my father and mother, and my own home life as a girl. My father was a lawyer by profession, a poet and idealist in temperament. My mother was intelligent, practical, beautiful. As a wife and mother she was perfect. I never remember a domestic jar. If she ever differed from my father, we children never heard the discussion. Life moved smoothly on the Long Island farm; and again I must refer to the wondrous amount of work accomplished in a domestic way, such a contrast to the life of to-day. The farm was seven miles from Brooklyn. There were no public conveyances; every person, every trunk, every package, had to be brought in my father's vehicles to and fro. The hospitality was boundless. I used to say that in summer I never knew where my bed was, except that it was the last one unoccupied. People used to say that they wondered how my mother managed to entertain so much, and she would reply with her radiant smile: "Oh, I never worry as long as there are oysters in the oyster-bed and chickens in the barn-yard."

As I have said, we were five girls. All our

clothes were made in the house, and we were always well dressed. In those days dress was simple, but we had all we required, or even wished for. There were never any discussions about money. We never thought of people as rich or poor. The only distinction we knew was between the well-bred and the reverse, and to this day it always shocks me a little to hear people described as poor, as if it were a reproach. We always came to the table and my father encouraged us to talk, and when my mother would suggest that we talked too much, he insisted that it was the only way to teach us the art of conversation, and he was certainly most inspiring. As we grew older and went to boarding school in New York, Friday and Saturday evenings were spent in discussing our studies, examining us, and telling us the news of the day. My father had many friends in public life and we sat and listened to their conversation. The slavery question was coming to the front, and I became an ardent abolitionist. My sister Mary did not sympathize with my views, and I remember she whispered once at school: "Don't talk abolition; if you do the girls won't speak to you." So there were differences of opinion even then on the slavery question. One even-

ing my father brought home from New York a little negro boy, who had been sent from the South, through the "underground railroad," and passed on to my father as a sympathizer. After a short and unsatisfactory period in the pantry, Harry was transferred to the stable, and I was deputed to teach him to read. The result was so successful, in spite of much discouragement on my part, that he grew beyond his teacher, was sent to school and finally became a chaplain of a colored regiment in the Civil War.

I must not fail to mention our school. All of us who came under Professor Tappan's instruction and influence have realized during our whole lives the intellectual impetus he inspired. A fine writer himself, we learned from him to appreciate the beauty of style, and to love the great English writers. He treated us girls with such courtesy that we should have felt humiliated if he had ever found us unprepared for a recitation. He became afterwards the first Chancellor of the University of Michigan.

I left school at seventeen, and the following winter I passed at the Astor House, then a fashionable hotel, where my parents were in the habit of spending the winter months. And

now took place an event which was the turning point in my life. I should like to be able to describe myself at this time, the winter of 1849. My sisters all gave promise of beauty, but I was never considered to have any. I was small and fair, with a profusion of light-brown hair and gray eyes which were not remarkable in any way at that time, but they have served me so well that a great oculist told me recently that he had never seen but one person with such strong eyes at my age. I had a happy nature, and was fortunate in always making friends, so whether I was pretty or ugly, did not trouble me.

At the Astor House that winter were some friends of my parents, a Captain and Mrs. Johnson, who were going around Cape Horn to California in a fine ship, and they invited me to go with them. From San Francisco they expected to go to India, thence home, to be gone about a year. Gold had been discovered in California two years before; all the world was excited on the subject, and I was wild to accept the invitation. Everybody was envying me, but my parents hesitated. 'Twas such a plunge into the unknown. A trip which causes no surprise nowadays was then a topic of deepest interest. My parents consulted our clergy-

man and the family doctor, as well as our relatives, and at last gave a reluctant consent. I was pointed out at the Astor House as "the girl who was going round the world!" People asked to be introduced to me. I was a celebrity. I wrote touching letters of farewell to my relatives and friends; I felt myself a heroine. The spirit of adventure was strong within me. I was fearless, but it was the bravery of ignorance. No young girl ever stepped out into the world more guileless or more unconscious of evil. At last the day of departure came; how well I recall it, the eleventh of January, 1850, a cold, raw, blustering day. When I came to bid my mother good-bye, I would have given worlds if she had said: "Don't go, my child," but she did not, and, smiling through my tears, I saw them leave the ship and me to my fate.

II

LIFE ON A SAILING SHIP

1850

HOW can I give any idea of life on a sailing ship sixty years ago. The *Virginia* was a fine clipper ship, and her arrangements were considered excellent. She was provided with every comfort then considered essential, but I fancy, in fact I know, that the second-cabin passengers on an ocean steamer now are far more comfortable and have better food on their short voyages from Liverpool than we had on that four months' voyage. Of course I was sea-sick and home-sick, but, as the days passed and we got into good weather, with the buoyancy of youth my spirits revived, and I began to realize the beauty and charm of life at sea. The captain and his wife were kindness itself. Mrs. Johnson was a bride and as new to the sea as I was. We soon adapted ourselves to the routine, and, by the time we reached Rio, I knew every rope in the ship and could almost "take the sun." The man at the wheel was my friend; the sails, the pumps, the

spars, the coiled ropes around the belaying pins, spoke to me a familiar language.

Oh, that bay of Rio! I have seen all the famous harbors of the world since then, but none ever filled me with such emotion, with such a sense of beauty.

I pass over the rough and stormy passage around Cape Horn. Also the three days passed at Valparaiso, because I shall return there later.

After a voyage of one hundred and twenty-five days, we passed through the Golden Gate and anchored at San Francisco. It was a terrible-looking place: streets of shanties deep in mud, here a high building and there a few scattered houses, wooden sidewalks under which the great wharf rats burrowed and ran over your feet at night. People from every clime; and oh, such terrible-looking women! Sacramento Street was given up to gambling houses; at night they were brilliantly lighted, the tables covered with gold doubloons around which the men and women gathered in crowds. As I looked at them through the windows, I felt as if I were gazing into hell, and to this day gambling for a stake, however small, is odious to me.

We were invited to stop with Mrs. Hooper,

whose husband was a partner of the firm of Cross, Hobson & Co. To Mrs. Hooper attaches a curious story, which I heard many years later. She had gone as a bride to the Sandwich Islands, where her husband left her for a cruise among the other Pacific Islands. Time passed and he did not return, until finally he was given up for lost. After some years had passed, she married Mr. Hooper and came to San Francisco. Her first husband, however, was not lost. He was cast ashore in some inaccessible spot, and drifted from place to place, penniless and forlorn, until he finally reached San Francisco, to find his wife married to a wealthy man and in an excellent position. Like Enoch Arden he turned away in silence, settled far away in the prairies, and the story was known to so few that Mrs. Hooper never heard it, nor the world in general, until long after both he and she were dead.

Another anecdote is illustrative of the period. In those days in San Francisco, although somewhat difficult to satisfy the eastern standard of hospitality, the merchants were anxious to entertain the officers of the men-of-war, there being quite a fleet in the port. They chose a large warehouse for their banquet. When the invitations were accepted,

and the preparations were being made, they found, to their dismay, that whale-oil lamps were entirely inadequate to light the vast space. No gas, no Standard Oil, no electricity in those days; but the versatile Samuel Ward, known in later years as "Uncle Sam," came to the rescue, assuring the committee that, if they would leave it to him, he would provide them light enough. When the night arrived, the guests found the sides of the room lined with marble statues, holding blazing flambeaux of pitch pine, the statues being stevedores, stripped and whitewashed. The committee and guests made no unfavorable comments.

From this digression I must now turn to my own life, and its most important event, my engagement to Joseph Hobson. Sixty-one years ago, and I see him now as clearly as when I first met him, and when he stood before me, the perfect gentleman that he was, in such contrast to those around him. Handsome, courteous, high bred, rather reserved, he was like my own people, and my heart went out to him at once; and when, after daily intercourse of ten days, he asked me to marry him, I consented without hesitation. No one could know him and not feel sure of him. I made but one

condition, that he should follow me home, and that we should be married there. It was a month's journey across the Isthmus of Panama, but I felt I could not be married anywhere but in my dear home with my parents and sisters around me. So I bade good-bye to my kind friends, the Johnsons, and, under the care of Captain and Mrs. Waterman, who were returning home, I departed, leaving my fiancé to follow a week later. Such was my regard for "*les convenances*," but, as it turned out, he reached home a fortnight before I did, saw my parents, and I found all the arrangements made for our marriage when I arrived.

My journey home was adventurous. On reaching the port of Realejo in Nicaragua, we heard that cholera was raging on the Isthmus of Panama, so Captain Waterman decided to land at Realejo and cross Nicaragua. Captain Waterman was a remarkable character, a type of the old sea captains who have passed away with the clipper ships they commanded, and the American maritime commerce which is dead. Tall and gaunt in stature, profane, even cruel on the quarter-deck, he was low-voiced, gentle, and kindness itself to a woman; and he was like a father to me during the six weeks I was under his care. His wife warned me: "Don't mind

what people say about Bob, he never said an unkind word to me in his life." Kipling would have understood him, the sailor, ruthless in his control of the men who drove those great sailing ships around Cape Horn as fast as steam could have carried them, and then all affection for women and children.

A great deal has been said of recent years about Nicaragua transit, but I was one of the pioneers of that route which has been so fought over. Mrs. Waterman and I, on the captain's advice, turned our plaid shawls into trousers and long jackets, so we were pioneers in that costume as well. Our mode of conveyance was an oxcart, with a mattress spread on the bottom. Another cart followed with our luggage, and, with four oxen to each, we jogged over the not very bad roads, from town to town and village to village, for three weeks. The telephone of those days, that mysterious intelligence department of simple races, announced our coming, and all the villagers turned out to look at and welcome us. We found it was expected that we should descend from our equipage to receive them and their gifts—cake, fruit, etc. At first the naked boys and girls rather abashed me, but I soon got accustomed to their bronze figures, as

they were as unconscious of their nudity as those in the Vatican. At the large towns we were received by the chief dignitary of the place. At Grenada, a fine town at the head of Lake Nicaragua, a most beautiful house was placed at our disposal, and fruits, fowls and flowers were sent to us every day by our hospitable host. Everywhere the people, high and low, impressed us as dignified and self-respecting. The race was Spanish; in the lower classes Indian and Spanish. We saw no poverty nor squalor, a happy, simple, agricultural people. Since then the country has been racked by revolutions, and the beautiful town of Grenada destroyed.

While at Grenada, we made our preparations to descend the lake. A large boat, with ten men to row and pole, was fitted up for the voyage of a fortnight, and we started on our trip to the sea, the whole town turning out to wish us "buen viago."

I am under the impression that we were the first North American women who ever crossed from sea to sea; at any rate the inhabitants showed as much interest and curiosity about us as if we were, and I remember that at Leon, where we attended a most sumptuous wedding party, I excited more interest than the bride.

Our voyage down the lake was uneventful. The virgin forest lined the shores, with now and then an Indian hamlet, near which we would tie up at night and hang our hammocks in the trees, thus sleeping more comfortably than in our cramped quarters on the boat. I wonder now that I did not think of the possible danger from snakes and venomous insects, but I was naturally fearless, and under the protection of "Bob" it did not occur to me that harm could come to us. We shot the rapids successfully, passing a little steamer wrecked upon them, and reached Greytown, a wretched little town on the coast, low, swampy and malarious, infested with mosquitoes, in blissful ignorance of their infectious qualities. We had to remain there a week before the Royal Mail steamer was due which would convey us to Kingston, Jamaica. I can vividly remember the horrors of that week, in a little low hut with no furniture but a table, chair, and a bedstead, on which a hide was stretched in lieu of a mattress, and with only an Indian boy to assist in the cooking which we did ourselves. Most of the time was passed in fighting mosquitoes and tarantulas. There was nothing to see; the few half-starved inhabitants were too miserable to even show any curiosity about the

strangers, and the English Consul, who I think was the only foreigner in the place, was too dispirited by malaria to pay any attention to us.

We had worn our semi-masculine costume so long that it had ceased to seem strange to us, so we walked on board the English steamer as nondescript a pair of women as ever stepped on a ship's deck. The expression of the smart officer in his immaculate white uniform, as he helped us over the gangway, was an instant revelation to me, and I whispered to Mrs. Waterman: "Let us get into some decent clothes at once." The woman in me was roused. I selected a soft white frock, a pink sash, and a Leghorn hat with feathers. My long hair was braided around my head in the fashion of the day, but, alas, all the water and soap (cosmetics I had none) could not remove the tan and freckles of six weeks' constant exposure to a tropical sun. Nevertheless, I felt sure that officer would have a different expression when he next saw me, and he had; and I had reason to think that the impression was permanent before we parted at Jamaica.

I pass over the voyage home, the reunion with my dear family, and the preparations for my wedding, which took place December 4, 1850.

III

SAN FRANCISCO AND CHILE

1850-1854

MY wedding trip was across the Isthmus of Panama—the Isthmus before the railway, before de Lesseps made his abortive attempt to dig the canal. It was in the days of the great California emigration, when the miners returned with their belts filled with gold. On that overloaded steamer the passengers gambled all day on deck, and slept there at night. My husband had secured a good stateroom, and we took our meals with the captain in his cabin. One evening while we were going through the Caribbean Sea (and oh! how hot it was), word was brought to me that a woman was in my berth and could not be induced to move. I went to see, and surely there she was, undressed, and, to my remonstrances, she replied: "I have slept on that deck ever since we sailed; my money is as good as yours; here is my ticket, and turn about is fair play." I sent for the purser, who, after remonstrating in vain, told her he would get her a berth if she would get up. "You go and

see it, and tell me if you would sleep in it," she said to me. I meekly went, and returned to tell her that it was all right, as good as mine, whereupon she whispered to me most good-humoredly: "I looked about and made up my mind they would not let *you* sleep on the deck, so I took your berth. You don't mind, do you?" We became very friendly after that. She told me incidents of her life in a mining camp, so that, when years after I read Bret Harte's stories, I felt I understood them. We arrived at the Isthmus. The present town of Aspinwall did not exist. We anchored off Ancon, where the officers of a man-of-war gave me a picnic and cut down a lofty cocoanut tree, that I might have the pleasure of picking the cocoanut myself and drinking the milk. I had never heard of "conservation" then, and had no scruples about sacrificing a beautiful tree for my pleasure. For two days and nights we were poled up the Chagres River by four huge negroes until we reached Gorgona, where I passed the night in a corner of a great rough building, where my bed was shielded from the crowd by canvas walls, and my husband lay on a cot in front of the curtain door, while I slept the sleep of the weary traveller. The next morning we

mounted our mules for a twelve hours' ride to Panama. How glorious it is to be young and happy, fresh and hopeful! I did not mind the terrible road, or when my mule sank to his knees in mud, whence he was dragged out by the man who led him. My lap was full of orchids of every color, picked from the branches above my head. The monkeys and parrots delighted me, and the travellers who trudged on foot amused me with their funny stories and unfamiliar slang, the great forests on either side ringing with the shouts and songs of the adventurers of every race, officers of our army and navy going to their posts, all jolly and good-humored. They were going to the El Dorado; they were not returning sick and disappointed. And thus the hours passed, until my husband lifted me off my mule and said: "You are a first-rate traveller, I can take you anywhere." He might have modified his praise when later he found me trembling and crying with fright in my wretched little bed at the rats that were careering about the room—only he was quite as nervous as I was.

The captain of the steamer going north from Panama was Lieutenant Beale of the Navy. I knew him afterwards as General Beale in Washington, and father of my friend, Mrs.

John R. McLean. He was genial, with an adventurous spirit, which every one seemed to have that I met in those days, so he and his officers made a pleasant party. We landed at Acapulco, where we spent a day and night under the hospitable roof of the Alcalde. It was my first introduction into Spanish home life, and certainly it was primitive. The domestic animals had the run of the house, and at night I was obliged to awaken my husband to drive away the pig which was striving to push me out of my hammock.

We stayed at San Francisco about six months. Those were the days of the famous Vigilance Committee, when the citizens were obliged to take the law into their own hands; and when I learned that my husband had assisted at the hanging of two criminals, I was so nervous and unhappy that he realized that life would be wretched for me there, so he made arrangements with his partners to take charge of the business in Chile, South America, his family having been established there for many years and having large interests there. In order to effect this arrangement, he sold his real estate in San Francisco. Many years after, when I went there on my way to Japan, I met the man who bought the

property, and asked him where it was. "I will take you to see it," he said. As I looked on what once was a water lot, now covered with massive stone buildings, he remarked: "You might have been a very rich woman to-day." In thinking about this "might have been," I have decided that I am not sorry, and if I live to finish this story and my friends read it, I think they will agree with me that I have had a happier life than if I had passed it accumulating money in California.

I recall one incident of the voyage on our way to Chile. On the steamer, south of Panama, was a party of elderly men, South Americans of importance, who wiled away the hours playing their favorite game of "rocamboa." Reared as I have been in Puritan principles, I watched their cards and their gold with disgust. Finally, on Sunday, discovering them at their daily occupation, I could not restrain myself. I walked up to them, and in as fluent Spanish as I could muster, I asked them if they did not know that it was a sin to play cards on Sunday, and a double sin to gamble, pointing to the doubloons. As soon as they had recovered from their astonishment, they rose with the greatest courtesy, picked up their cards and gold, and bowed themselves away.

My husband, who was reading at the other end of the cabin, jumped up in dismay and followed them to apologize, when one said, smiling: "Mais elle est charmante, la petite Puritaine." But their compliment did not save me from a good scolding, and I never again made a gambling raid.

I found Chile a delightful country and I received a warm welcome in Valparaiso from my husband's family, in which there were two girls of my own age. As I had married before I had been in society, I knew nothing of the life of the debutante, so I entered into the gay life of my nieces with enthusiasm. On those perfect saddle horses we rode long distances over the mountains and into the valleys to the "haciendas," where we would dance far into the night, returning by moonlight or at sunrise. I shall never forget my surprise at seeing my husband dance the "samacueca" with a young Chilena, with much grace and spirit, and learned for the first time what a dancer he was. One or more of our ships-of-war were always in the port, and many are the retired officers I have since met in Washington with whom I have danced on those white decks, and with whom I have ridden over those green hills.

South America has retained much more of the impress of Spain than we have that of

England, owing perhaps to the Catholic religion which sets its mark so indelibly upon its members. At that time there was no toleration, and we heretics worshipped in a small upper room as in the apostolic times. Permission to have a church of our own was later obtained by a young New England missionary, who came to Valparaiso about 1850, and whose wife opened a school for girls. I don't know by what chance Mrs. Trumbull obtained rich girls instead of poor ones, as is usual with missionaries, but such was the case. The daughters of some of the most influential Chileans went to her school, and thus she and her husband were thrown into connection with their parents. In the course of a few years, through the influence thus acquired, Mr. Trumbull obtained permission to build a church, the first Protestant one, I believe, in South America. I have since reflected, in view of Mr. and Mrs. Trumbull's success in Chile through their intercourse with the upper classes, that perhaps our missionaries would be more successful if they aimed at them instead of confining their efforts to the poor.

Santiago, the capital of Chile, is a most beautiful city, and I was much impressed with the luxury of its inhabitants. We stopped on

one occasion at the villa of Señor Cousiño, a very wealthy and influential land owner. He and his wife were absent on their estates in the south, but they placed their villa at our disposal. Their carriage, perfectly appointed, met us on arrival and we were driven to the villa, two miles beyond the town. Passing through lofty iron gates into the park, for a distance of about half a mile, the road was hedged by high shrubs of geraniums and fuchsias in full bloom. We found a corps of trained servants awaiting us. Our dinner was served on silver and rare porcelain, and I recall that the curtains of the salon were cashmere shawls. The gardens were full of the rarest flowers, and as we sat among the camellias and orchids and under the olive trees, the snowy peaks of the Cordilleras towered above our heads. We stayed ten days in this enchanting spot, where our every wish was anticipated, and we never gave an order. All my remembrances are delightful of Chile, a beautiful, interesting country and hospitable people. I was too young to study its economic or political conditions; I only know I was very happy there. I there commenced to learn the Spanish language, which became like my mother-tongue in after years.

IV

PERU

1860-1869

IN 1854 I returned to the United States for a visit. My sister Mary returned about the same time from Europe. During her absence she had passed two years in Portugal with my uncle and aunt Haddock, my uncle being our Minister there, and her letters give such a vivid description of that country and society that I would like to insert them in these memoirs. Perhaps I may. On her way home she passed a season in London and in Paris, and assisted at the fêtes given on the occasion of the marriage of Napoleon Third to the beautiful Eugénie de Montijo. She made the acquaintance at that time of her future husband, who became known later as General Berdan of the Sharpshooters in the Civil War. Mr. Berdan was a man of unusual intellect and inventive genius, indomitable perseverance and industry. In all the

disappointments of an inventor's life, he never lost his pluck and courage, and he carried his youthful heart to the grave.

Two years later my sister Lucy married Mr. L. P. Morton, at that time a prosperous young merchant in New York, and later one of the prominent bankers of the city. Even as a girl, Lucy made an impression wherever she went. As time went on, she developed into a very rare woman. Her social gifts made her a leader, and her tender heart drew her into much philanthropic work. She died at the age of thirty-five, of what I presume was appendicitis.

It is not necessary for me to make any comments on Mr. Morton's career as Governor of the State of New York or as Vice-President of the United States. This is part of the history of the country. He was as fortunate in his second marriage as in the first, and his wife and their children have always been very dear and near to me.

After a somewhat prolonged visit at home, my husband and I returned to South America in 1860, and Lima, the capital of Peru, was our home for more than nine years, where he was the partner of Alsop & Company, the chief American house on the Pacific coast. The for-

eign business of the country was divided between Gibbs & Company, Huth & Company of London, and Alsop & Company of New York.

Even now I can recall my emotions as I entered that superb, dignified old Spanish house in Lima of which I was to be the mistress. It was seventy-five feet front, two hundred feet deep, built around two courts. The offices of the bank were on the ground floor, the residence above. This, my Peruvian home, was built in the Spanish colonial period and was formerly the residence of a great official sent from Spain. The lofty ceilings were of carved cedar. There was hardly a room in the house less than thirty feet square and some of them larger, and so perfectly ventilated that I never remember any heat in them. Lima has the only perfect climate I have ever known. The words of the poet, "Where falls not hail or rain or any snow, nor ever wind blows loudly," were absolutely true.

NOTE.—"This unusual condition, an entire absence of rain, is ascribed to the action of the lofty uplands of the Andes on the trade wind. The southeast trade wind blows obliquely across the Atlantic Ocean until it reaches Brazil. By this time it is heavily laden with vapor. When it arrives at the snow-capped Andes the last particle of moisture is wrung from it that the very low temperature can extract. It rushes down as a cool and dry wind on the Pacific slopes. . . . From November to April there

In the summer, a huge awning was spread over the "patio," which kept out the glare, and there I passed the long tropical days. It was before the era of modern activity. I had not acquired at home the restlessness of the sporting woman. After my morning ride (and oh, such horses!) and bath and breakfast, I was perfectly content to sit with my books, my studies (French and Spanish), until luncheon. Then my husband would bring in some men: travellers, naval officers and friends. We chatted for an hour or two. In the afternoon, I made or received visits, and at dinner the table was always laid for eight—there were certain habitués on whom we could always count—and, after dinner, billiards. There were three men to whom I shall always owe a debt of gratitude. One was the English clergyman, or rather he was an Irishman. He gave me books and taught me how to enjoy them—a gentle, cultured man who did his duty in the little church every Sunday, and never bothered me with theological discussions during the week.

are usually constant dryness, a clear sky, and considerable, though by no means oppressive, heat. From June to September the sky is obscured for weeks together by fog (not unpleasant). Maximum temperature, about 78°; minimum, in July, 59°."

—*Encyclopedia Britannica*.

Utterly unlike him was my German friend, a linguist, a musician, an artist, man of the world, an agnostic. I was at first a little anxious when the two men met in my salon, for I feared that the German would allow his contempt for my dear little Irishman to become apparent, for, of course, he could not in the least tolerate what he called "imbecility," "such stupid faith." But even he could not resist the bonhomie of the Irishman, and he had to respect the rare culture of such a ripe scholar.

The third was an unusually interesting man, a South American. Though born in England and educated in France, he was a Spanish hidalgo to his finger tips, a writer, a poet, a politician, with rare business faculties, through which he made a large fortune; and, in the latter years of his life, a distinguished diplomat. I remember hearing Mr. Blaine speak of him as the cleverest diplomat in Washington. This man was our daily visitor for many years. He was my instructor and friend—and is so to this day.

These men made my salon—and it was one, truly! Oh, the good talk, the discussions, the wit, the fun! There was a revolution every now and then to enliven us and an earthquake

to terrify us, and then came the Civil War in America. It was not to be expected that an Irishman, a German and a South American could view the matter as we did, and oh, the battles that were fought over the maps spread on the billiard table! Now and then the officers from our ships would join us, and strengthen our side in the discussion.

Those four years were most anxious ones for us. My husband's family were Southerners, mine from the North. During my absence, my third sister, Caroline, had married Lieutenant R. G. Lay, so I had two brothers-in-law in the Northern army, while my husband had nephews and relatives on the Confederate side. My husband, notwithstanding his Southern affiliations, was a strong Union man. I learned, later, that his relatives attributed his attitude to the influence of his "Yankee wife," but I am happy to say that my influence was not necessary, though I should certainly have used it if it had been. With the assistance of the naval officers, we followed the course of our armies, and the animated discussions between them and my coterie on political questions gave me a taste for those subjects which I have retained to this day. Peruvian politics were also very

interesting, because we lived in a state of chronic revolution. The government of Peru occupied the singular position of owning the chief source of wealth of the country, namely, the guano, and after a defeated party made up its mind that those who were in had made enough, or, as we should say, robbed enough, they made a revolution and turned them out—hence, plots and conspiracies without end. My South American friend was a strong member of one party, and on a certain occasion, when he feared that he might have to escape from the country, he confided the party cipher to me so that I might communicate with him if necessary. I remember how proud I was at such confidence. I came across it the other day and, alas, I could not read it!

I should explain the nature of this source of Peruvian wealth, because, in speaking of it to a very intelligent woman recently, she said she thought the guano was a fruit. The Chincha Islands, about a hundred miles off the coast of Peru, have been, for hundreds or rather thousands of years, the breeding ground of certain birds, whose excrements have formed mountains of the so-called “guano,” which, in that rainless climate, became almost pure ammonia, making the most valuable fer-

tilizer known to the scientific agriculturist. The value was known to the ancient Peruvians, but the Spaniards cared nothing for agriculture; they sought their riches from the mines. Humboldt called attention to it in 1802; but it was not until 1842 that an Englishman sent a small quantity to England as an experiment, and in the course of a few years the results were so satisfactory that the export commenced and the government found that those barren islands were more precious than the mines of Potosi. England, France, Germany and America formed companies and competed with each other for the contracts. Money poured into the Peruvian exchequer—and the government was so paternal that everybody got a share of the spoils. I remember the widow of a general who received seven thousand dollars a year pension. She married and it went to her eldest daughter, and she told me that they could all marry but the plainest, who must remain single in order to keep the pension.

Under these circumstances it can be easily understood that, with a people naturally disposed toward revolutions, there was plenty of temptation to make them, and some were even very bloody.

On one occasion, when my husband had gone off for a few days' shooting, I was awakened by the sound of musketry, and soon the servants rushed to my door to tell me that there had been a fight in front of the house and that the people were lying dead in the street. It was a feast day and all the clerks had gone away, and as I knew that the vaults of the bank were full of silver, I felt rather nervous lest the mob might break in. I ordered the great iron doors to be closed and barred, and I went to the window to see the condition of affairs. At each end of the block, cannon had been placed, and soldiers were on duty. This rather reassured me, and presently my opposite neighbor, M. de Lesseps, French Consul-General and brother of F. de Lesseps, of Suez Canal fame, called to me that, as he knew my husband was absent, if I would allow him, he would come over and hoist his flag on the house and protect me. I gladly accepted so gallant an offer, and for two days I was protected by the French Empire. There were at least five revolutions during the nine years we lived in Lima, so that I do not remember precisely how this one turned out, but my impression is that it was on this occasion that the President es-

caped to a man-of-war in Callao, disguised as a woman, in the carriage of the American Minister. The defeated officials always went to France, where they had previously deposited the profits of their offices against a rainy day. Of course, money so easily obtained was spent easily. The luxury was so great that, when I returned home, in 1869, I remarked on the simplicity of the women's appearance at balls, and upon the lack of jewels, which the Peruvian women wore so lavishly.

I have said nothing about the social life in Lima. In a certain sense there was no society, as we understand the term. The life was patriarchal. The heads of the great old families lived in a dignified state, receiving every evening the junior members of the family and poor relations. The mother, or grandmother, always sat in the grand salon with a little group of old men and ladies around her. The younger members of the family collected in one of the other large rooms, and tables were set out where men, women and priests played "rocambo" and smoked strong cigars. Politics and domestic gossip were fertile topics of conversation. There was always a revolution, just passed or impending, to discuss. In a

country where divorce did not exist and the "mariage de convenance" was *de rigueur*, love affairs were as common and of the same nature as those that exist to-day in Italy, and those we read of in the pages of Saint Simon. The Spaniards are much more faithful than Frenchmen or Italians, and these irregular attachments frequently lasted for years, and if the inconvenient husband or wife died, often ended in marriage. Flirtations, as we would call them, were not tolerated, but a serious attachment was accepted, for was she not a "des graciada"? One lover was allowable, not more.

There was one case that I watched with great interest and sympathy. She had been a beautiful girl, married at fifteen to an epileptic cousin to keep the fortune in the family. He took her to his estate in the country, where in his fits of fury he would beat her unmercifully. In one of these attacks he injured her spine so severely that she became lame for life. She returned to her home in Lima, where she inspired a fine young man with a devoted attachment, which she reciprocated, and for years he passed every evening by her side, as she was extended, helpless, on her *chaise longue* (where I have often seen her). Her friends would drop in to speak to her, but

did not stay long. "'Twas his place and no one presumed to usurp it."

As in France and Italy, so in all Spanish countries, the mother or grandmother of a family has supreme authority. It is she who arranges the marriages, reconciles the disputes, and keeps the family together. The Spanish laws at that time were exceedingly favorable to women (I don't know whether they have since been changed). The wife inherited half the profits of her husband's estate which had been acquired after marriage, as well as her share of the principal; and if by chance the marriage ceremony had not been performed before the birth of the children, a death-bed ceremony legitimized them, and regulated the status of the wife.

Illegitimate children, if recognized by the father, were entitled to a third of the estate (that is, a third was divided among them), and bore his name. Señor D——, so well known in Paris many years ago and who, I believe, at one time held a big position, was the son of a rich Spaniard who always passed as a bachelor. When he was stricken with paralysis, he sent for my husband to witness his will and acknowledged the parentage of a son and two daughters, between whom he

divided his millions. (He was the first millionaire I ever knew.) The girls, unconscious of their origin, were in a convent expecting to remain there always. They were withdrawn from the convent, taken to their father's house, "clothed in purple and fine linen," and enlightened as to their birth and prospects. The son was summoned from Europe. He arrived in time to see his father before he died, and then assumed his position as head of the house and guardian of his sisters. The first step he took was to invite a young man who had been kind to him as a poor, lonely lad in Europe to come to him, introduced him to his sisters and said, "I love you like a brother; choose which you will marry." He did so, and for all I know, they were happy ever after. Señor D—— himself sought out a young girl he had known and loved when he was poor, and unrecognized as his father's son, married her; and when I saw her in her beautiful hotel, in the Avenue du Bois, I would never have suspected her humble origin, she was so attractive and at ease in her surroundings.

One of my favorite resorts was the "*tertulia*" of Doña Ignacia—a great lady, simple and dignified, with only two objects in life, her family and the Church. She lived in

a stately old house, the floors paved with Moorish tiles, and the walls covered with old portraits in frames of silver. She always received sitting in a superb armchair in her bedroom. The bedstead of carved oak was on a dais, with a canopy hung with rich brocade trimmed with old Spanish guipure. The toilet set, as well as her whole *batterie de cuisine*, was of silver. The mistress of all this was a most dignified little woman, barely five feet high, in black satin and lace ruff, her white hair combed straight back from her forehead and drawn up in a knot on the top of her head; but she looked "de race," and she was so regarded by everyone. Doña Ignacia's charities were vast. Every Saturday the courtyard of her house was filled with the poor who were permitted to come for their weekly alms, and she inherited the right to dress the Virgin and Saints belonging to the great church of St. Augustine near her house. Every year before the festival of the Saint, he and the Virgin and the minor saints were brought to Doña Ignacia's house to receive their new garments. It used to be one of my privileges to go and witness the performance. The Virgin's long hair was combed and curled, her old clothes were bestowed on some saintly

poor relatives and new, rich ones—if possible richer than the last—given in their place. Her crown, the gift of an ancestor of Doña Ignacia, was brought out together with the jewels, and the Virgin was then ready for her trip through the city in company with St. Augustine (also newly clothed), and the attendant saints, to visit Santo Domingo, where they were expected to pass the night.

For this festival the whole town turned out. Shops and offices were closed. Priests and laymen, ladies and children followed the procession; incense burned and trumpets blew. I am sure there was a procession of this kind, in honor of some saint, at least once a fortnight during the year, and sometimes business was interrupted for three days in succession. From Holy Thursday to Easter no vehicles were allowed in the streets, and on Good Friday the billiard tables were all covered, and men and women wore black. Some of the ceremonies were grotesque. In the crypt of Santo Domingo, a representation of the Lord's Supper was always given on Holy Thursday. A long table was set out with various kinds of viands, of painted wood. Our Saviour, a figure as large as life, sat at the head of the table with the disciples at

each side all in black robes, except Judas, who was in scarlet, the purse being conspicuous in his hand. All the disciples had cigarettes in their mouths, but our Saviour had a cigar. The ceremony of carrying the Host to the dying was done with great pomp and ceremony. If the invalid was a general or an official dignitary, a band of music accompanied the priests, and played dirges in the patio while extreme unction was administered in the chamber of death. The performances at Carnival were most curious. I never knew how the custom arose, or was permitted, of drenching every passer-by in the street with water from the balconies; but it was such fun that I know I used to stand for hours at my balcony with pails of water which I poured upon every pedestrian who was so unwary as to pass under the window, and as I was concealed behind a lattice, I could do it with impunity. No woman dared venture into the streets during those days. Sometimes the young men of one's acquaintance would manage to get into the house and retaliate, and then we were not spared.

THE STORY OF THE NUN

It was at Doña Ignacia's house that I saw the young girl who was the descendant of the nun who escaped from her convent with a Scotch doctor. I told the story to Marion Crawford, and from it he wrote his novel of "Casa Braccio."

I will write the story as I told it to him, and which he said was the only story that had ever been told him that he could use.

I went one evening to Doña Ignacia's *ter-tulia* and was much struck by the appearance of a young lady I had never seen there before, and whose personality was in strong contrast to that of the dark Spanish girls, as she had a very fair complexion and red hair, was dressed very simply in white, and with a superb parure of emeralds around her neck. I asked my old friend Don Juan Tavera who she was. "She is a Scotch relative of Doña Ignacia's," he replied. "Thereby hangs a very interesting story; I will go to see you to-morrow and tell it to you." Accordingly, the next day he appeared, and after being provided with a cigar, and a glass of lemonade by his side, he proceeded to tell me the following story:

In the colonial days before the Independence, there lived in Arequipa a very powerful family named Goyos. They possessed great landed estates and rich mines which they had inherited from their ancestors, who were among the conquerors, and they wielded great power in both Church and State. At the time of the incident I am about to relate, the heads of the family were two brothers; the elder owned and managed the property, the younger was a Bishop and ruled the Church. The elder was a widower with two children, a son and a daughter. The great convent of Nuestra Señora de los Dolores, founded and richly endowed by the family, always had one of its members as Abbess, and at that time the brothers' only sister was the Abbess. It will be seen, therefore, that the family was the great power in Arequipa, and the chief object in life of the brothers and sister was to preserve their supremacy. For this object they decided that the young daughter, Dolores, should enter the convent and eventually succeed her aunt as Abbess, while her brother should marry and inherit the estates, and a young priest, one of their relations, would inherit the bishopric. Doña Dolores had no vocation for a religious life, and rebelled

against the fate proposed for her; but the father and uncle were inexorable, and after a vain struggle she was forced to yield, accepted her fate and took the veil. Her aunt felt sympathy for the poor girl; perhaps she had been through the same experience, for she made Sister Dolores' religious duties as light as possible, allowed her to lead the choir (as she had a fine voice) and gave her the business of the convent to attend to. Embroidery was one of the industries of the nuns, especially that on linen, the designs for which were brought from Spain; and to supervise this work and to take care of it was one of Dolores' chief pleasures. She always sent it to the laundry herself, received it when it was returned, laid it carefully in the presses perfumed with jasmine flowers, and the laundress was the only woman from the outside world with whom she had any intercourse, except her family. The laundress happened to be very intelligent and gave her all the news she ever obtained of the world beyond the convent walls.

Time passed, and Dolores had been about five years in the convent when her aunt fell ill, and all the nostrums at the disposal of the nuns failed to help her. She grew

worse and worse, and they were proposing to give her the last offices of the Church, when the laundress suggested to Sister Dolores that the great Scotch doctor who had come to Arequipa should be consulted. To consult a man and a heretic! Such an idea could not be entertained for a moment. But the laundress was so insistent that the Bishop was consulted, and he was induced to consent; but the patient refused to allow the doctor to feel her pulse or look at her tongue, or even to see her. Sister Dolores, closely veiled, could describe the symptoms, and then the doctor could prescribe. Although the doctor said that an opinion under such circumstances was of no value, he consented, as such a case was an unusual experience. Accordingly, at the appointed time, he presented himself at the convent gate, under the guidance of the laundress, and was taken to the antechamber of the Abbess' apartment—for a great lady of the Abbess' distinction did not sleep in a cell. He was received by Sister Dolores, who was closely veiled. She told him her aunt's symptoms, and he asked her if she could count the pulse. "No, I have never tried," she replied. "If you will place your fingers on my wrist, I will teach you,"

he said. Timidly she did so. "Count," he said, and he was thrilled by the music of her voice. He probably prolonged the lesson unnecessarily, for she said at last: "I understand perfectly; I will go now and count my aunt's pulse." She returned presently, with a written report. During her absence the doctor made inquiries of the laundress in regard to the Abbess' symptoms, and decided that the old lady was suffering from cancer, and had not long to live; but Sister Dolores had made too profound an impression for him to give up the case, so he prescribed some soothing remedies, and offered to return in the morning. These visits continued for several days, until finally he succeeded in seeing Sister Dolores' beautiful face. The laundress could not always be in attendance, and the narcotics dulled the vigilance of the Abbess. Finally the doctor realized that his patient's days were numbered, and then his work would be over. There was no time to lose. I pass over the conscientious scruples of Sister Dolores; love as usual won the day, and she promised to fly with her lover after her aunt had passed away.

The plot for escape was ingenious. The convent was built of stone, and the sisters'

cells were arched like casements, the only wood about them being the doors. The doctor obtained a skeleton from the hospital, which he conveyed to the laundress' house, and placed it in the large basket in which she conveyed the linen to the convent. The day after the Abbess' funeral, which was conducted with great pomp, the laundress carried her basket to the convent and concealed the skeleton in Dolores' bed. That night Dolores set her bed on fire, and in the confusion occasioned by the smoke and alarm she escaped to the street, where the laundress met her and led her to her house. The frightened nuns sought in vain for Dolores; a few bones were found in her cell, which in their ignorance they imagined to be hers. She was accordingly buried with all the honors due to her rank and station, and the family looked for another Abbess among their number. Meanwhile poor Dolores was in a most difficult position. If she were discovered she would be tried for the greatest of crimes; a nun who had been faithless to her vows would be buried alive. Where was she to go? What was she to do? It was impossible to conceal her long in the laundress' house. The doctor implored her to fly with him to

the coast. Arequipa was about seventy miles inland, over a desert to be passed only on mule or horseback. She recoiled from such a step, and insisted upon trying first to win the pardon and protection of her family. She resolved to throw herself upon the mercy of her uncle, the Bishop, who had always showed much affection for her, and who was all-powerful with the rest of the family. Accordingly, about twilight, wrapped in her *manta*, which concealed her face and form, she stole into the palace and found her uncle at evening prayer. She threw herself on her knees before him and implored his protection. He thought it was her ghost, for had he not performed the funeral service over her poor remains? When he discovered that it was really she, in flesh and blood, he was horrified, and thrust her from him as he would a viper. But she still clung to him and told her story, imploring his mercy and protection. He listened, and finally said: "Wait a moment," and left the room, returning shortly with a bag which he thrust into her hand, and whispered: "Take this and fly with your lover to the coast. I will see that you are not followed." She found the doctor with horses at the gate; he took her in his arms and

rode away, never stopping but to change horses and to eat a little food, until they reached the coast, where by great good fortune they found an English frigate at anchor. They went on board, told the captain their story; he called the chaplain, who did his duty gladly, and soon the happy pair were on their way to England.

Time passed, the South American colonies became independent of Spain, and Dolores' brother was sent as Minister to England. Before he went, the Bishop told him his sister's story; he had kept the secret until then. He also told him where she was to be found, for through the Church he had watched over her, and he desired her brother to communicate with her, which he did. And Dolores was forgiven, and her children and grandchildren were recognized and received by their Peruvian relatives. The young girl I saw at Doña Ignacia's was the great-granddaughter of Sister Dolores, and the emeralds I saw around her neck were in the bag that the Bishop thrust into his niece's hand when he bade her fly for her life.

One of my favorite recreations during these many feast days was to make up parties and

ride into the country to dig for pottery in the ancient Peruvian mounds, of which there were several within twenty miles of Lima. Starting at daybreak, our delightful pacing horses would bring us to our destination without fatigue, and then the shovels would be brought into use, sometimes with interesting results. During my residence there I acquired a large collection of jars, figures, etc., which would now be very valuable. But as travellers came and admired them, I would give them away, saying that I could always replace them. Finally I got tired of collecting, and by the time I left the country I had none to bring away with me. I was then ignorant of their archæological interest, as well as the value of the old silver and paintings which I might have acquired for a song; also of the laces made in the convents after the old Spanish designs; and I shall never cease to regret my ignorance of the rarity and beauty of the Moorish tiles which covered the walls of the convents, and one special opportunity I lost when I might have had given to me the whole tiled wall of a vast court of a convent, on which was represented the life of St. Francis, and which was being demolished in order to build a railway station. Twenty-five

years after, I paid ten dollars for a single tile and thought it cheap; but in those twenty-five years I had learned a thing or two.

We hear a great deal nowadays about the simple life, and we see a good many abortive attempts to lead it. The Spanish people did it without knowing it. I say Spanish people, for although the Peruvians had become independent of Spain, they had not changed their traditions or habits. Twenty years after, when I went to Seville, I felt perfectly at home, even to the accent of the language, which was that of Lima. Lima was the seat of the Spanish Viceroy, and he and the representatives of the mother country lived in great state. The lands were bestowed by the Spanish kings to court favorites, and after the Independence, their descendants maintained their affiliation with Spain and were proud of their blue blood. There was one old family who boasted of its descent, on the female side, from the daughter of Atahualpa, the last Peruvian king, murdered by Pizarro, as some of our Virginian families boast of their descent from Pocahontas.

But I must explain what I mean by the simple life. I was much pleased on one occasion to be invited to pass *pascua* (the

Easter holidays) at a great hacienda in the south, where I was offered the prospect of some good riding on the finest breed of horses in the country. My husband, who knew the customs, advised me to take a mattress, bed linen, and whatever personal comforts I might require, but I disregarded his suggestion as an insult to my host and confined my "comforts" to what I generally carry in my travelling bag. I found the house a vast one-storied structure built around a court. Although in a most fertile province and a perfect climate, there was not a tree, shrub or flower in sight. I was ushered into a vast salon, the only furniture some hard divans around the walls and a table in the centre of the room. The dining-room adjoining had nothing in it but a huge table and some chairs, and on a side-table was a lot of crockery of the most common quality, and piled up at one end were forks and spoons in profusion. I thought they were pewter, they were so black, but learned later that they, with the massive candlesticks, were of silver made by the Indians from the family mines in Potosi long ago. In my bedroom was a bed frame; on it was stretched a hide, neither mattress nor pillows, sheets nor blankets, and I

found that my husband was right. The guests were expected to provide their own. On making known to the hostess my ignorance of the custom, some sheets trimmed with superb lace, like that for which we now pay any price from the convents in Spain and Italy, were brought in, and some blankets; but I was assured by the stout negress who officiated as my maid, that the hide was much cooler and better than a mattress, and so I found it. Her mistress's toilet set of silver (never cleaned), with which she always travelled, was loaned to me, and with this I managed very well. The food was of the simplest. The bread was brought from Lima. Although hundreds, I may say thousands, of head of cattle roamed over the estate, I never saw a cup of milk nor a bit of butter. Our food was kid and chickens, and the delicious yellow potatoes for which the country is famous and which have never been successfully cultivated elsewhere. The owners of this estate lived in a superb house in Lima, perfectly kept up, made frequent visits to Europe, yet when they went to their country home they lived contentedly as I have described it, and that is what I mean by their "simple life."

On the other hand, I got what I went for.

I have ridden English thoroughbreds and Arabs from the Sultan's stables, but for pure enjoyment nothing ever approached the action of those Peruvian stallions as they galloped over those plains in pursuit of their untamed brethren. Then the young bulls were brought into the ring, and harmless bull fights were improvised for my benefit. They were all destined for the ring in Lima, being of the most famous breed in the country.

Well, the years rolled on peacefully, the Civil War was over, and we began to think of returning home when a war cloud from another quarter darkened our horizon. Spain had never acknowledged the independence of Peru and there arose some questions between the two countries which seemed so impossible to settle that Spain sent out a squadron to enforce her demands. It was difficult for us to believe that she would do this; but one fine day my husband received news through the American Commodore that six Spanish men-of-war were at a short distance down the coast on their way to bombard the forts of Callao (the port of Lima), and he proposed that we should come aboard his ship, the *Powhatan*, as a place of safety, since as in his opinion the Spaniards would probably land and

destroy the town. A large squadron composed of American, English, French and German men-of-war was assembled to watch the Spaniards; and I shall never forget the profound impression which this first sight of a great fleet made upon me as I sat on the deck of the *Powhatan*, waiting for the arrival of the Spanish ships. The foreign vessels were drawn up in the shape of a half moon to the north of Callao. The Spaniards, about noon, steamed slowly up from the south and opened fire, which was quickly returned by the forts. Our ship was so near that through my opera glass I could see the men at their guns and the ricochets of the ball before it struck the fort. The bombardment lasted six hours, until two Spanish vessels were disabled and the Spanish Admiral wounded; then they retired, not discovering that they had dismounted every gun but one on the fort. The fleet then went south, bombarded the defenseless port of Valparaiso and sailed for Spain, leaving the question unsettled. When, many years after, the Americans were so alarmed at the prospect of the attack on our coast by the Spanish fleet, and the Bostonians were sending their bonds to Worcester, I said: "Don't be worried. I have seen them. I know them. They

won't do us any harm." The spectacle of the bombardment was thrilling in the extreme. I was so near, I almost felt that I was taking part in the action, and I have never heard of another woman who has been so fortunate as to witness a naval engagement from the deck of a frigate.

South America is the country of earthquakes. We always had one or two shocks every month, but they were generally so slight that we learned to disregard them. The one of 1868, however, was so memorable as to disturb me even now as I think of it. The country was shaken from the foot of Chile to the centre of Ecuador. The fine town of Arequipa, two hundred miles inland, built of stone, and in the most massive manner, was demolished. As the old Bishop said to me: "I thought the last trump was sounding and the end of the world had come." On the coast, the towns of Arica and Iquique, built of wood, were rent to atoms. The tidal wave which followed the earthquake carried the American iron sloop-of-war *Wateree* far out to sea, and the return wave threw her back intact, with men and armament, three miles on to the shore, where I saw her a few weeks afterwards. I was sitting in my salon about five P.M. that

day, when I was startled by the violent vibration of the glass chandelier. I knew what it meant, and rushed to the great staircase, where I found my husband coming to meet me. We staggered down into the "patio," to find the whole personnel of the establishment huddled together under the great archway, always considered the safest place. The scene in the street was indescribable: men, women and children on their knees, invoking the protection of their patron saints, the church bells clanging, dogs barking, donkeys braying, and all this in less than a minute. Lima escaped serious damage. Our fine old house, built of adobe bricks, the walls three feet thick, did not suffer seriously, only a few cracks, but farther north the devastation was fearful. A great land owner in Ecuador told me that such was the destruction he could not define the landmarks of his estate.

I must not omit an amusing experience I had in an attempt to civilize a little savage. There came to Lima a Scotchman who had been knocking about the world all his life, very amusing and, I fancy, as unscrupulous as he was adventurous, but he had the manners and breeding of a man of the world and he was on friendly terms with us. In course of time he

made a contract with the Peruvian Government to bring a cargo of the natives of New Caledonia to the Chincha Islands, to load the guano ships. My husband insisted that it was another name for the slave trade and expressed his opinion of such business in no measured terms to Mr. B——. As I listened to the discussion, I expressed the wish to have a chance to take a little savage girl and see what I could do with her, and Mr. B—— immediately offered to bring me one, and in subsequent talks on the subject I always called her “Zoe.” Months passed and Mr. B—— did not reappear, and I had almost forgotten the incident, when one day my husband came in and said: “Well, my dear, ‘Zoe’ has come.” There was a note in his voice which indicated disgust, as he added: “Mr. B—— died on the voyage and the captain of the vessel wishes to know what to do with ‘Zoe.’ She is almost five years old, is the only female on board, and so far they have never been able to induce her to wear any clothing.” Imagine my dismay! The captain was sent for. He said Mr. B—— had told him the child was mine; that he had tried to tame her, but that she was like a little wild animal. The sailors had made clothes for her, but she would not keep them on, and he added

gravely, "Madam, you cannot bring her to this house." I suggested sending her back to her native wilds, but the ship was not going back. I could not induce my husband to give an opinion. He threw the decision upon me and enjoyed my discomfiture. That evening I laid the case before the *habitués* of the salon. The German shouted and laughed like a boy, and proposed to drown her like a puppy; the clergyman gravely rebuked him, and spoke of her immortal soul; whereupon the South American exclaimed: "I have it. We will put her in a convent!" This suggestion met with a shout of approval. From time immemorial, in Catholic countries, the convents have been the refuges of the feeble-minded and undesirable members of the rich families who have founded them. The nuns take care of the unfortunates, and they pass their days in the peaceful seclusion of the cloisters, performing household duties and embroidering garments for the saints and priests. Our friend's suggestion was received with acclamation and he undertook to make the necessary arrangements. He assured me that the nuns of a very ascetic convent he knew of would welcome the appearance of such an unusual inmate in their monotonous life, and

so it proved. "Zoe" was induced to put on a chemise and a petticoat, and wrapped in a cloak, she was conveyed to the convent direct from the ship. It was not considered prudent to have her come to my house. She must not know that there was any world beyond the convent, or any people but the nuns, for fear of making her discontented; and so the little savage entered into her new life, and after much tribulation was tamed and civilized and became a good Catholic, and took the veil.

The Spaniards having departed, we were free to do so as well, and we turned our faces homeward. One does not sever the ties of so many years without a struggle. I had learned to love the country, the people, the language and the life. I had gone there a girl; I was returning a mature woman, to commence life again. I was to break up the house of which I had been the centre, to part from the friends who had contributed so greatly to my happiness! While I was deploring the prospect before me, the German, who had been to Chile, returned and informed me that he was engaged to be married and should take his wife to Germany. The South American decided to go to New York, and the clergyman declared he

would not remain without us and that he would return to Ireland.

And now the second epoch of my life had come to a close, and as I look back upon it I ask myself how could the experience of the past prepare me for what the future had in store for me. I had a serene, happy existence, no anxieties, no sorrow and few serious responsibilities. I stepped from girlhood into married life, and my husband, who was many years my senior, was always indulgent and affectionate. He was not fond of general society, but was most hospitable, so that I always had friends around me, and being the only American woman in Lima, I was the centre of a little circle both interesting and inspiring. During all those years the family circle at home remained unbroken. Sickness and death had not approached them and I could not foresee that during the next ten years I was to part from husband, parents and sisters, as well as several of my sister's children. It was with a sad heart that I bade good-bye to Peru, to our many friends and to the beautiful, stately house which had been my home for so long, and sailed for New York, in April, 1869—to start a new home in our native land after an absence of nearly ten years.

V

FAMILY AND FRIENDS

1869

ON our arrival in New York, we first went to the house of my brother-in-law, Mr. Levi P. Morton, where my dear parents and my sister Caroline and her husband, Col. Richard G. Lay, and my youngest sister, Fanny, came to welcome us. Caroline's marriage had taken place during my absence, and she had been following her soldier husband from post to post with her children since the close of the war. She had all the vivacity and pluck at that time which she has displayed ever since in the circumstances of a varied life, and has brought up a family of children who have not done us discredit.

My sister, Fanny, was perhaps the most naturally gifted of us all. An accident to her hip confined her to her bed for three years,

and, in spite of the skill of the best surgeons of that time, she was lame for the rest of her life.

We passed our first summer in travel, and at Newport. While at Newport, at Mr. Morton's house, I had the pleasure of meeting General (then President) Grant and his wife. There was to be a large dinner the evening of their arrival and their luggage did not come. My sister dressed Mrs. Grant in one of her Worth gowns, and the French maid arranged her hair, and such was the transformation that the President exclaimed: "Why, mother, is this you! I didn't know you." I did not find the President taciturn and unresponsive to social amenities.

With him was his aide-de-camp, General Porter, who, after a distinguished career in the army, has filled several important posts, among them Ambassador to France, and is now one of our most honored and distinguished citizens. He is, I am happy to say, one of my most intimate and valued friends. It was during this visit of the President that the project of Mr. Morton's entrance into public life crystallized and he became one of General Grant's strong supporters.

I failed to feel at home that summer at

Newport, and was glad to go with my husband to New York in the early autumn to look for a house for ourselves and get settled. My father and mother were kind enough to come to us, so that winter a household was formed without delay and the new life commenced.

I wish here to speak of my parents. My dear mother died in 1876, a terrible loss to me. We were always absolutely congenial. She never failed to write to me once a week during my long absence in South America, so that the tie between us had never been strained. She took the deepest interest in public matters, was a great reader, a most agreeable talker, of gracious manners, and popular with old and young. I have never met anyone who combined the intellectual and practical qualities more absolutely than she. She superintended the affairs of a large family calmly and without friction, and at the same time followed the course of politics and literature with keen interest.

My dear father died a few years after her, at the ripe age of eighty-two. For several years before his death he occupied his leisure by writing a metrical version of the New Testament, which I have always thought

should have been introduced into the Sunday schools, as the rhyme would impress the text upon the minds of the young who could thus memorize it. My father was one of the early abolitionists. I remember the story told me when I was a child, that he came home from a missionary conference on one occasion and told my mother that he had invited a colored clergyman to dinner. He explained that the presiding officer had asked the residents of the town to offer hospitality to the visiting brethren. All were invited but one, and the question was asked: "Who will invite our colored brother?" and my father stepped forward and did so. He owned he felt a little nervous as he made the confession, but my mother made no objection. They waited some time and the visitor did not appear, so they ate their dinner and he came in later and apologized, saying that he was "unavoidably detained." So the colored problem commenced to be agitated in my family and was settled, so far as we were concerned, over seventy years ago.

My father was much in advance of his time, and deeply interested in two subjects which are much in the foreground at the present day—scientific agriculture and pop-

ular education. During my childhood, I watched the planting of trees, the experiments in propagation of plants and fruits on the Long Island farm, so that I was unconsciously prepared to appreciate later Burbank's wonderful discoveries and Gifford Pinchot's efforts to save our forests and streams. My father defended the cause of coeducation, and always deplored that he had no boys to bring up with his girls and, if my mother would have consented, he would have had us trained in a college course; but she protested that she wished us to have feminine attainments only, to marry early, and she had her wish, for four of her daughters married before they were twenty-one.

To return to New York. My first year at home was uneventful. I felt a stranger. I even spoke English with a Spanish accent, and my father used to threaten to tie my hands, I gesticulated so much. My sister, Mary, was in Russia with her husband, and I missed her greatly.

Fortunately for me, the dear friend of my childhood, Aline Woodworth, returned from Europe at this time, a widow with her infant daughter, and we took up our old intimacy, which has never since been interrupted. I

am very sure that no one ever knew this rare woman but to love and praise her, a gentlewoman in every sense, intellectual, generous and gracious. Thank God! she still lives and is still my dear friend.

I suppose it is because I have never had children that my friends have been so much to me, have filled such an important part in my life. Other people have loved their friends as deeply, but have not had the time to give to friendship that I have had. Since my widowhood I have made long visits to my friends: at their country places on the Hudson, in Lenox and Bar Harbor, and in their city homes. And they have come to me, in Washington, where their visits, with the many things we have done together and the many interesting people we have seen, have been and are among my chief pleasures.

But now I am recalling my life in New York, and my friends there. I always associate Mr. and Mrs. William T. Blodgett with their New York City home, and with the boundless hospitality, courtesy and broad interests which were always to be found under that roof. Mr. and Mrs. Blodgett were tall and handsome, and I always think of her as a "grande dame," in her dignity, and simple, charming manners.

Their tastes were artistic, and Mr. Blodgett's picture gallery was one of the first private galleries in New York to be shown to the public. Very beautiful pictures he had. They are now, for the most part, scattered; but among the choicest are those which have been given to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. by Mr. and Miss Blodgett in memory of their parents. Eleanor Blodgett I have known since she was a child, and she is one of the dear young friends of my later years. At one time we worked together on the same committee for "First Aid to the Injured"; but I associate her more especially with her love for beautiful things, her social gifts, her hospitality, her sympathy with all in trouble, her great kindness to many.

Another friend who will appear often in this history is Virginia Osborn.* How can I describe her? She always seemed to me made of different clay from the rest of us. We sat side by side at Mr. Tappan's school, and the very first association I have with her is hearing her recite Hood's "Song of the Shirt." Now that I recall the poem (which so impressed me then), I feel that it may have been one of the memorable

* The late Mrs. William Henry Osborn.

moments of her life, leading her heart in sympathy towards human sorrow which, during her long life, it was her chief joy to alleviate. The child of wealthy parents and the wife of a man of importance and large fortune, Virginia Osborn cared for money only as a means of doing good, never spending it on herself, but recognizing not only the wants of the poor but the tastes of the rich, and taking pleasure in satisfying both. We were intimate and devoted friends until her death, five years ago, and I have often thought that there must be more good in me than I suspect because Virginia Osborn loved me. Her children and grandchildren are among my nearest and dearest to-day. Her eldest son is one of the world's great scientists, the President of the Museum of Natural History in New York City, and one of New York's most influential citizens; her younger son is a lawyer of distinction, a public-spirited citizen and devoted to philanthropic work.

VI

THE FOUNDING OF THE BELLEVUE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES

May 1, 1873

IT was in 1872 that my friend, Mrs. Osborn, invited me to accompany her to a meeting to be held at the house of Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler. She did not tell me its object, merely saying that she thought it might be interesting. I was at that time in deep mourning for my sister, Mrs. Morton, very sad, and not yet accustomed to the change which the return to my own country had made after so many years of absence. I think Mrs. Osborn suspected this, and wished to draw me into some occupation which would interest me. If that was her object she succeeded, for my attendance at that meeting in New York, on the 26th of January, 1872, was an era in my life. It opened before me new and absorbing interests, philanthropic and in-

tellectual, and the friendships which I formed at that time have continued to this day.

Before proceeding with my story, I must say something of Miss Schuyler, to whose influence and example I am so deeply indebted. She is the direct descendant of Major-General Philip Schuyler of the American Revolution, and also of Alexander Hamilton, and it is needless to say that she does credit to her inheritance. Aside from her remarkable intellectual qualities, she has a heart of gold, a genius for friendship, a fidelity towards those she loves, and a tenderness and consideration for suffering and sorrow which never fail, and which inspire such confidence and devotion in others that, in the great works she has planned and carried out, she has always had the most loyal and faithful assistance. Her gentleness and good-breeding disarm opposition, while her patient persistence always enables her to carry her point.

Her sister, Georgina, is a charming complement to her; gentle, refined, intellectual, musical. I have no greater pleasure, when I am in New York, than to sit with those two sisters, so harmonious in their old-time surroundings. And, in this connection, I must say one word about their father, who honored

me with his friendship. It seems to me, he combined more wit and wisdom than any man I ever knew. Bonnat, who painted his portrait, said to me, "He must have French blood, otherwise where has he got that subtle wit and quick repartee? I have painted many of your countrymen, but never found such qualities before." Bonnat had probably not before met an American who combined these qualities with ease and fluency in speaking French. Mr. Schuyler's ancestry was Dutch and New England—no French blood. Bonnat also said to me in reference to Miss Schuyler, whose portrait he had also painted, "Tell me about your friend; she must be a remarkable woman, her face combines such strength and tenderness."

At the meeting to which I have referred, Miss Schuyler had assembled a group of ladies who had worked with her during the Civil War. They responded to her call, and she invited them, with others, to join her in forming a Visiting Committee for Bellevue and other public hospitals of the City of New York. Later, she secured legislation which authorized the members of the State Charities Aid Association, which was founded by her, and of which this Visiting Committee

formed part, to visit all the State and County institutions of Public Charities in the State of New York, for the purpose of reporting their conditions and bringing about reforms.

I entered the room a perfect stranger; Mrs. Osborn introduced me, and Miss Schuyler invited me to take a seat by her side. She stated the object of the meeting, and then, suddenly turning to me, she handed me a pencil and a piece of paper, and asked me to "take the minutes." I had never attended a meeting of any kind in my life, and knew no more about "taking minutes" than a baby! I protested, but smiling, she said, "Take note of what you hear as well as you can, and I will help you afterwards." Of course she had to rewrite those minutes, and thus commenced my education in philanthropy, and inspired by such a teacher I soon became absorbed in the work.

On the committee which was formed that day to visit and report on the condition of Bellevue Hospital, I found, to my surprise and dismay, that I was appointed Chairman of the Subcommittee to visit the Surgical Wards for Women. I have never to this day understood why I was named chairman of that committee, for a woman more abso-

lutely ignorant of the subject could not have been found on the island of Manhattan. I soon found that the other members of the committee were almost as ignorant as myself. These were: Mrs. Osborn, Mrs. Woodworth, and Mrs. "Baldy" Smith, the wife of the well-known General who bore that nickname. The whole committee were first to go in a body to the hospital, to be introduced to the authorities. This was done on the following day, when we were escorted through the wards by the Commissioner, General Bowen, and by Mr. Brennan, the stalwart Irish Warden, who was very polite. When I asked him years afterwards how he happened to treat us so well from the beginning, he replied, "Oh, I saw you were all the real thing, and would win out in the end."

I had never been in a hospital before. On my first visit the sight of the patients and the loathsome smells sickened me so that I nearly fainted and had to leave, but I persevered and returned to my task the next day. I looked about and was perplexed; I did not know what specially to look for. While I was standing, confused, and rather embarrassed, I saw a young doctor looking at me. I went up to him and said, "I am one of

the Visiting Committee; will you help me to make my report? I know nothing about hospitals." He replied, "Look at the beds and the bedding, the clothing of the patients, their unclean condition, and go into the bath-room and see the state of things there; after a while I will come back into the ward, and you follow me without speaking." I did as he bade me. The condition of the patients and the beds was unspeakable; the one nurse slept in the bath-room, and the tub was filled with filthy rubbish. As for the nurse, she was an Irishwoman of a low class, and to her was confided the care of twenty patients, her only assistants being paupers, so-called "helpers," women drafted from the workhouse, many of whom had been sent there for intemperance, and those convalescents who could leave their beds. It was Friday, and the dinner of salt fish was brought in a bag to the ward and emptied on to the table; the convalescents helped themselves, and carried to the others their portions on a tin plate with a spoon. While I was watching this, the young doctor returned, and without speaking to him I followed him out of the ward, down a steep staircase, across a yard filled with every kind of rubbish, into a large

building which proved to be the laundry. Nauseous steam was rising from great cauldrons filled with filthy clothing, which one old pauper was stirring with a stick. I looked about; the hideous masses were piled up all around, but where were the laundresses? There were none, the old man was alone, "they had gone away," he said. I asked him what soap he used. "I haven't had any for quite a while," he said. "How long a while?" said I. "Oh, I should say a matter of several weeks." In reply to my exclamation of horror, the doctor explained "that it took the Commissioners a good while to supply all the requisitions, meanwhile the hospital had to wait. Now let us cross to the kitchen." A huge negro cook was ladling out soup into great tin basins which the workhouse women were to take up to the wards, and I learned that these same cauldrons were used for the tea and coffee in the morning. Some pauper women were huddled together in a corner, peeling potatoes, and the whole place reeked with the smell of foul steam and food. I had to escape, it was too dreadful!

When I reached the outer air, my conductor said, "You have only seen the outside; it would take weeks for you to learn all the

horrors of this place; but don't be discouraged, I will help you all I can. But you must be very careful not to be seen with me, or to quote me, it might cost me my position here." "I will come again to-morrow," I replied.

The days passed. We learned, among other things, that there were no regular night nurses. A man, called a night-watchman, passed through the wards, and if he found a patient very ill or dying he called a young doctor. Occasionally patients were found dead in the morning, who had been overlooked. Rats scampered over the floors at night. In fact, it seemed hopeless to attempt to cleanse that Augean stable.

One day, on my way home, I stopped at a bookseller's and ordered Miss Nightingale's works and some treatises on hospital management. These I studied, and with the members of my committee visited the hospital constantly. We had learned a great deal in that first month. Miss Nightingale's papers had taught us what was required and what ought not to exist in a hospital. But oh! how low our standards were, how much we had to learn and act up to; certainly in Bellevue, the only hospital I had ever seen, and which, I was told, was the largest pauper hospital in the

city, with its thirty-two wards and over 800 patients. Were all hospitals like this, I wondered!*

In this country, at that time, the application of Lister's use of antiseptics had not been practically carried out, and so little was known about surgical cleanliness that patients died from blood poisoning following the simplest operations, such as amputations of fingers and toes. It was terrible to see young, strong men coming into those Bellevue wards for some small operation, and to find them soon after dying from what I was told was "pyemia," a word new to me then, but with which I became sadly familiar.

It will hardly be believed that there was not an antiseptic of any kind in use in the hospital except carbolic acid. The house staff dressed the wounds, going from one patient to another, often carrying infection in spite of precautions used. Sponges for washing the wounds were

* Had Mrs. Hobson visited the New York Hospital, Saint Luke, Mt. Sinai, and other hospitals of the kind in New York City, governed by enlightened Boards of Managers and supported by endowments and voluntary contributions, she would have found entirely different standards of control and management. The medical staff of Bellevue was of the highest; nothing else. Now, the new Bellevue Hospital, with its present management and Training School for Nurses, ranks with the best in the city.
—*Editor.*

not cotton, but bits of real sponge, and were used on one patient after another without any disinfection. I could fill pages with anecdotes of suffering and death caused by the carelessness and ignorance of doctors, nurses and public officials, but, thank God! these are things of the past. The world has certainly improved in humanity, intelligent philanthropy and scientific knowledge during the last forty years.

I came across, the other day, Lady Priestly's account of the condition of Kings College Hospital, London, in 1867, five years before the time of which I am writing, and it corresponds so exactly with the conditions in New York that I will quote it in part, as it shows that what we found at Bellevue was due to ignorance, an ignorance at that time almost universal. Lady Priestly says: "Puerperal fever was at that time constantly epidemic in Kings College Hospital; the lift started in the basement, passed the post-mortem room, then the surgical wards, and then to the maternity. The women on the top floor nearest the lift were invariably the first attacked with puerperal fever. A Royal Commission decided that the separation of erysipelas and pyemia was quite unnecessary. They advocated mix-

ing the medical and surgical cases in the same wards, and regretted the formation of operating wards, as it was simply concentrating the mischief arising from acute suppurating wounds. While the Commission admitted that nurses ran certain risks from infection and not infrequently fell victims, still they believed the same thing would happen if the nursing were performed in the open air, or on the summit of a mountain." This amazing opinion was given by one of the most learned bodies of medical men in England, just five years before this committee of the State Charities Aid Association, composed of a group of women, earnest, intelligent, but for the most part ignorant of the task before them, commenced the investigations which resulted in important reforms in hospital management, and the introduction of schools for the training of nurses in the United States.

And here I must return to that first meeting, in January, when our Visiting Committee was formed. I did not then know that, a few weeks before that meeting at Miss Schuyler's house, she had been over Bellevue Hospital with Mrs. David Lane and Commissioner Bowen, and had come away with the strong conviction that only through radical improve-

ments in the nursing service could that hospital be redeemed; and that only through the establishment of a Training School for Nurses could the needed high standard of nursing be attained, and the patients be properly cared for. It was with this in view that the membership of that committee had been selected.

A stronger or more influential committee for the purpose could scarcely have been named in the City of New York. Not then, but later, did I realize what it meant to have seventy-eight earnest, active men and women, representing the very best class of our citizens, of enlightened views, wise benevolence, experience, wealth and social position, all bending their energies to the reformation of that hospital, a hospital, be it remembered, dominated by political influences, and only to be regenerated through the force and backing of a powerful public opinion. This, then, was the explanation why so large a committee had been appointed to visit a single hospital, and why upon it had been placed those experienced workers in the hospital service of the U. S. Sanitary Commission during the Civil War.*

* Among the visitors, I recall Mrs. Lydig M. Hoyt, who, from the day the Committee was formed to the time of her death, in

At the time of which I write, there were no Training Schools for Nurses in this country, the "trained nurse" was unknown. To have spoken of what was projected when we first visited the hospital would have been most unwise, would most certainly have antagonized the authorities, who had, some of them, never even heard of a Training School for Nurses. "What is it?" one of them asked later. "What kind of a thing is a Training School for Nurses?" As for the visitors, Miss Schuyler's plan was that we were to visit the hospital, to see for ourselves, report on what we saw—the rest would follow. How little I foresaw when the visitors, of whom I was one, were asked to report, first upon cleanliness, next upon diet, and finally upon "the character of the nursing service," what momentous changes were to follow those investigations.

1897, was a constant and most efficient visitor to Bellevue and the Island hospitals; Miss Wisner, for nearly forty years a devoted and able visitor; Miss Rosalie Butler, Secretary of the Committee from its organization until her death in 1892; Mrs. John A. Swett and Mrs. Hartman Kuhn, afterwards managers of the Training School; Mrs. Alfred Pell, who, from taking reading matter to her Bellevue ward, became the founder of the "Hospital Book and Newspaper Society"; Mrs. A. G. Norwood, Mrs. William E. Dodge, Mrs. Edward Curtis, Mr. Samuel B. Lawrence and many others.

The time had come when my committee was to make its first monthly report to the full committee, of which Mrs. David Lane was chairman. I wrote it as well as I could. Then I met Dr. Gill Wylie (for that was the name of my friend) at the office of Dr. James Wood, and they went over and revised it. After that I called my committee together and they read and approved it. Then we were ready, and we went to the meeting.

How well I remember that day! It so happened that the reports of the other four Standing Committees were read first, and when I listened to the accounts of the good work which had been done among the sick, the comforts that had been dispensed, the jellies and dainties distributed to the sick and dying, my heart sank within me. I had done none of these things; I had nothing but horrors to relate; and when the moment came to read my report my voice trembled and I could hardly stand. But, strengthened by the whispered encouragement of my two friends who sat beside me, I took courage, and as I proceeded I was conscious of a sympathetic atmosphere, and when I sat down there was a buzz which was almost applause. Mrs. Lane rose: "Ladies, you have heard this

most interesting and important report; is it your pleasure that it be accepted?" "I move it be accepted as read, and sent to the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, and that a special committee be appointed to confer with them on the condition of the hospital," said one of the ladies. The motion was carried unanimously; and from that day commenced the fight with public authorities and doctors for hospital reform in the City of New York.

Strange to say, doctors were our chief antagonists, the doctors of the Bellevue Hospital Medical Board. Not all of them, by any means, but enough to hamper and hinder and add greatly to our difficulties. The "conservative doctors" were especially trying. "We were ignorant women interfering with what was none of our business." And when we tried to improve the nursing service, "they preferred nurses who would do as they were told"; the intelligent, educated women we proposed to introduce "would not be amenable to discipline," and they were "utterly opposed to our interference." I will not here mention the names of our opponents; most of them have gone to their account, and many realized their mistake and acknowledged it

before they went; but our friends should never be forgotten, and their names should be recorded in letters of gold over the doors of the new Bellevue Hospital: Dr. James R. Wood, Dr. Stephen Smith, Dr. Austin Flint, Dr. Thomas M. Markoe, Dr. W. Gill Wylie. These men helped us, defended us, fought the battle of reform with us for many years.

I hasten also to acknowledge our indebtedness to the House staff of Bellevue, those young physicians and surgeons who, at personal risk to themselves, gave us full support. Indeed, one of them, Dr. Ernest W. Cushing, of Boston, was dismissed from the hospital on this account; while Dr. Kinnicutt, in whose room in the hospital the meeting of protest was held, told me lately that he also would have been dismissed were it not that he was obliged to leave the hospital at that time owing to illness.

Meanwhile, through all these years, and while he was in office, General Bowen, President of the Board, and the only Commissioner on the Board of Charities who was with us, stood our friend, and told us to "go ahead."

We had now visited the hospital for three months, and we knew what we wanted. What we wanted was a Training School for Nurses at Bellevue Hospital, formed on the lines of

Miss Nightingale's Training School at St. Thomas' Hospital, London. The entire Visiting Committee wanted it; there was not a dissenting voice. This was in April, 1872.

First of all, it was necessary to get the consent of the Commissioners of Charities, and Mrs. Lane and Miss Schuyler were deputed to confer with Commissioner Bowen and lay the project before him, before making formal application to the Board. General Bowen received the proposition favorably, and promised to advocate it with his colleagues and with the Medical Board. But he frankly said that he could not undertake to get an appropriation for the School. He was assured that if we were allowed to have charge of the nursing of three or five wards, and they would pay over to us what it cost them, we would meet the additional expense; and this was agreed to.

Then followed a period of suspense. No notice was taken of our application, and the summer was passing. But although we chafed under the delay, it was not time wasted. I had been appointed Chairman of the Hospital Committee of the State Charities Aid Association, to which was assigned the duty of preparing a plan for the organization of the School. Of course the first thing to do was to

learn exactly how the work of such a training school should be conducted. Dr. Wylie, a member of the Hospital Committee, offered to go to England, at his own expense, and get the practical information we needed, while others studied at home. Dr. Wylie spent three weeks in St. Thomas' Hospital, with every facility placed at his disposal. He put himself in communication with Miss Nightingale, who wrote him a long letter stating the fundamental principles of the management of a training school, and wishing us "God speed!" in our work. This letter we have always regarded as the Constitution of our School.

In September, negotiations with the Medical Board were reopened by the Hospital Committee of the Association, which submitted its plan for the School. The plan received the approval of the Medical Board, and, through General Bowen, the reluctant consent of the Commissioners. We were free to act.

As soon as the consent of the Commissioners was obtained, in September, 1872, I prepared a pamphlet in which Miss Nightingale's letter was inserted, extracts from Dr. Wylie's report given, the plan of our School described, and an appeal made to the public for funds to establish the School. (S.C.A.A. Pub.

No. 1, 1872.) Within six weeks over \$23,000 had been subscribed and we felt encouraged.*

It is a pleasure to be able to state here that the medical profession of the City of New York, as a whole, gave us generous and hearty support. I hold in my hand a yellow, time-worn leaflet, printed in January, 1873, thirty-eight years ago, signed by the eminent physicians and surgeons whose names are appended, and which reads as follows: "Having long felt the great necessity for trained, intelligent

*The Special Committee which drafted the plan for the organization of the first Training School for Nurses in this country was appointed, in 1872, by the State Charities Aid Association, as follows:

Mrs. William H. Osborn, Chairman
Mrs. Robert Woodworth, Secretary
Mr. Henry G. Stebbins, Treasurer
Mrs. William Preston Griffin
Mrs. d'Orémieulx
Miss Abby Howland Woolsey
Mrs. Joseph Hobson
Miss Ellen Collins
Miss Julia Gould
Dr. W. Gill Wylie
Mr. Chandler Robbins.

The same officers, and the names of Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Hobson and Miss Woolsey, appear again on the Committee of the Bellevue Visiting Committee which organized and managed the School during the first nine months after it was opened, May 1, 1873, and on its first Board of Managers after the incorporation of the School, in February, 1874. The connection with the State Charities Aid Association was then severed, but the School continues to report annually to the Association.—*Editor.*

nurses, we hail with pleasure the project of establishing a Training School for Nurses in this country. The plans prepared meet with our hearty approval, and we trust the public will contribute promptly and liberally to a cause which will benefit all classes in the community." *

A year later the Bellevue Medical Board adopted resolutions much to the same effect.

We had promised to open our School on the first day of May, but the first of February arrived and, in spite of our efforts, we had obtained no trained superintendent (which Miss Nightingale had said was indispensable)

* This was signed by:

Chas. M. Allin, M. D.

C. R. Agnew, M. D.

Gurdon Buck, M. D.

John G. Curtis, M. D.

A. Clark, M. D.

John J. Crane, M. D.

A. Du Bois, M. D.

Edward Delafield, M. D.

Francis Delafield, M. D.

W. H. Draper, M. D.

Wm. Detmold, M. D.

Matt. B. Du Bois, M. D.

Thos. Addis Emmet, M. D.

Austin Flint, M. D.

John F. Gray, M. D.

Wm. W. Jones, M. D.

Fordyce Barker, M. D.

John T. Metcalfe, M. D.

T. M. Markoe, M. D.

E. E. Marcy, M. D.

F. N. Otis, M. D.

W. M. Polk, M. D.

Geo. A. Peters, M. D.

Willard Parker, M. D.

E. R. Peaslee, M. D.

H. B. Sands, M. D.

E. C. Seguin, M. D.

John O. Stone, M. D.

T. Gaillard Thomas, M. D.

William H. Van Buren, M. D.

R. F. Weir, M. D.

Geo. G. Wheelock, M. D.

L. de Forest Woodruff, M. D.

J. R. Wood, M. D.

New York, January, 1873.

and no pupils. We could find no woman in the country with the qualifications Miss Nightingale required; the only nurses to be had were the ordinary monthly nurses; and as for pupils, the applicants seemed very unsatisfactory. We issued a circular letter through the country districts inviting applications; finally experience taught us that when the applicant called the school a "vineyard" to decline to receive her.

We had hired a house near the hospital as a nurses' home, for we determined that our nurses should have comfortable quarters when off duty, and good food; and we finally succeeded in securing a certain number of pupils, and several respectable middle-aged women for head nurses who had had some hospital experience. But in vain had we searched for an experienced superintendent. How could we enter that hospital, with its hostile influences, without a woman of character and knowledge to introduce our reforms and teach our nurses? Time passed, the first of April came, I was in despair, and expressed my anxiety to Mrs. Osborn. "I don't despair," she said. "I have so prayed for the success of this work, and I have such faith in it, that I shall make that superintendent's

bed, confident that she will come to occupy it."

A few days after this conversation, my servant announced that a person who looked like a Sister of Charity wished to see me. A woman, with a most rigid conventual garb, entered the room. At first sight she was very unprepossessing, but she spoke, and the beautifully trained English voice dispelled the unpleasant impression. "I am told you are establishing a Training School for Nurses in New York; I have had some experience in that work, and as I am free to remain a while in the United States, I shall be glad if I can be of any service to you." I held my breath; was not this the answer to Mrs. Osborn's prayer? My visitor proved to be Sister Helen, of the All Saints' Sisterhood (Protestant), which had charge of the nursing of University College Hospital, London. She had been sent to Baltimore to establish a Sisterhood there, and had a leave of absence, which gave her the time she offered to us. After a long conversation I made up my mind that her experience would be invaluable to us, especially as she had been in charge at one time of a workhouse hospital in the North of England, the conditions of which corre-

sponded to ours. I asked her to meet our committee the next day; meanwhile I telegraphed to Baltimore for information to corroborate her statements. The reply was satisfactory in regard to her ability and experience, but "she had a temper." It struck me that in that hospital "a temper" might be a desirable quality at times; at all events the ability and experience were what we needed, and the result proved that she was just the person we required; and she lay in that bed which my friend had made for her, three years. The severe conventual garb of black serge, the close coiffe and veil, the crucifix at her side, and the calm commanding manner, imposed obedience upon patients who were mostly Roman Catholics, and commanded respect from doctors and attendants. Her knowledge of "hospital politics," of which we were absolutely ignorant, proved invaluable in her intercourse with the hospital authorities. Sister Helen was not very popular with all the members of the committee, but I always liked her; her masterful ways interested me; she seemed like a Lady Abbess controlling her novices, and she controlled us as well, until finally we had learned to stand on our feet, and then we parted on friendly terms.

As was promised, we opened the School on the first day of May, 1873, with three wards, and the reformation and purification began. Sister Helen's experience was our salvation, and that summer she fought hard and kept the School alive by her energy and tact, and the respect her knowledge inspired among the House staff. By autumn the results began to tell in the care of the patients and in the improved condition of the wards. During the following winter we were asked to take charge of two more wards, and by the end of a year we were able to discharge our monthly nurses and place our best pupils in their places. Applications from pupils commenced to pour in, and, in spite of difficult questions which constantly arose, we felt that success was before us.*

One of our difficulties, in the light of to-day, is amusing. Early in the work we decided that a uniform was necessary, but, to our surprise, great opposition was expressed by the pupils; they objected to a "livery." Among our pupils was Miss Euphemia Van Rensselaer, belonging to the distinguished family of that name, who, learning of our dilemma, offered to try to solve it for us. She

* Beginning with six pupils, the School now (1911) numbers 913 graduates.

asked for two days' holiday, and, when she returned to the hospital, she was dressed in a blue and white "seersucker" dress, white apron, collar and cuffs, and a very becoming cap. She was very handsome, and gave an air of distinction to the simple costume. Within a week every nurse had adopted it, and it has been the uniform of the Bellevue School ever since. Another instance is typical of Miss Van Rensselaer's character and influence. When we took charge there was not a screen in the hospital, no privacy whatever for sick or dying. Of course we remedied that, but we also discovered that the female patients were taken to the amphitheatre for operations before all the students, unassisted and unprotected by the presence of a nurse. We felt that this could not be allowed from our wards, and I consulted a friendly surgeon, Dr. Crosby. He said he should be delighted to have a nurse attend his patients, but, he added: "medical students are a rough lot, and they may make it unpleasant for the nurses." Again Miss Van Rensselaer stepped into the breach. "I will go with the patient and take Miss B—with me; I am not afraid." The day came and I went to the hospital to await the result. I saw the patient carried out, fol-

lowed by two nurses. It was an anxious moment. To have had those nurses insulted by jeers and howls, and perhaps forced to retire, would have been very serious, and it was quite possible. Nearly an hour passed; finally I heard the students thundering down the stairs. I waited anxiously until I could see Dr. Crosby, and rushed to meet him. His face beaming with smiles, he extended both hands: "Their presence was a benediction; I never had a more successful operation, and the students were as quiet as if they were in a church!" he exclaimed. Miss Van Rensselaer told me later that the theatre was crowded, and when they entered with the patient there was a faint murmur as if in surprise. It ceased, and during the operation the order was absolute. From that day to this, no female patient has been unattended. Miss Van Rensselaer succeeded Sister Helen as Superintendent; and later joined a sisterhood, and is now known as Sister Dolores, a noble woman whose life has been consecrated to the sick and helpless.

As I write, anecdotes crowd upon my mind. We progressed slowly, month by month, meeting our difficulties as they arose and acquiring knowledge by experience.

Owing to Mrs. Lane's illness, we had been obliged, much to our regret, to accept her resignation as President of the Visiting Committee. I had become her successor, and it was then, in February of 1874, that our visitors reported great mortality in the maternity wards, situated on the upper floor of the hospital. We had no nurses there and knew nothing about their management. We consulted Sister Helen, who said she could spare a head nurse and some pupils to take charge of those wards, and she also thought it very desirable that our pupils should have this additional training. Accordingly we made application to the Medical Board to allow this extension of the School, and received an invitation from the Board to confer on the subject. Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Osborn, Mrs. Woodworth and I were appointed to attend the conference. It is now thirty-seven years ago, but the incidents of that conference are burnt into my memory. We found a number of the doctors present, among them Dr. X—, who acted as their spokesman, and our friend, Dr. Wood. The secretary read our letter, in which we offered to take charge of the obstetrical wards, and then Dr. X—in the most vehement manner denounced us as spies

proposing to interfere with the management of the hospital, and declared that, if we persisted in our plan, we should have our Training School closed. Dr. Wood, much agitated, walked up and down the room, trying to speak for us and calm his colleague, but the others were evidently in sympathy with Dr. X—and plied us with questions in regard to our plans and intentions which bewildered us. There we were, a group of women who had been working heart and soul for over two years for the benefit of that hospital, and here were some of the most distinguished doctors in New York treating us as if we were Tammany politicians trying to rob them of their fees. We were speechless with amazement. At last Mrs. Griffin, in her stately manner, rose and said: "Gentlemen, we will not prolong this interview; you will hear from us in a few days." I never felt so indignant in my life. As Mrs. Osborn and I walked home, the tears rolled down my cheeks, I felt so humiliated by the insults we had received. A special meeting of the State Charities Aid Association was called and we made our report. Immediately Mr. Howard Potter, Mr. L. P. Morton and General Barlow were appointed a committee to confer with the Medical Board

without delay. I was not present; I cannot say what our friends said to the doctors, but I know that they gave them to understand, in no unmeasured terms, that New York was behind us, and that they would not allow their wives and sisters to be insulted; in fact they made their views so plain that, before long, we received a communication from the Medical Board inviting the training school to take charge of the obstetrical wards of Bellevue Hospital.

The three maternity wards were turned over to us in May, 1874, and we placed Miss Richards in charge, an exceptional woman, who afterwards went to Japan and started trained nursing in that country. She soon reported terrible mortality in the lying-in wards from puerperal fever, there being two deaths out of every five births. All the best nursing we could give did not reduce the mortality, and we soon learned that puerperal fever had invaded Fifth Avenue, at that time an exclusively residential quarter. I went to see my own physician, Dr. Peaslee, who was not a member of the Bellevue Board. He handed me a medical journal and said, as he turned a page: "I shall be engaged for a short time; meanwhile you can read this."

The first words my eyes fell upon were: "It is death for a puerperal woman to be in a surgical hospital, or to be attended by surgeons or nurses who are practising in surgical wards." The mystery was solved: these women *were* in a surgical hospital and *were* attended by doctors who were constantly in surgical wards. Dr. Peaslee returned; I pointed to the paragraph. "Is this so; then this is what is killing those women!" I exclaimed, trembling with excitement. "Yes," he said. The book in my hand, I drove directly to see Mrs. Lucius Tuckerman, one of our managers, and showed it to her. "Could you write an article for the *Evening Post*?" she asked. "I can try," said I. "Then let us go to the hospital at once!" she exclaimed. On the steps of the hospital stood the warden and some of the doctors. Mrs. Tuckerman was a little woman, but she looked very tall as she accosted them. "Gentlemen, we have learned the cause of the mortality in the lying-in wards of this hospital. We give you forty-eight hours to remove those women. If they are here at the end of that time, the whole story will be published in the *Evening Post*, written by the lady who stands by my side." I shall never forget Mrs. Tuckerman's expression of in-

dignation as well as power, as she delivered her ultimatum. From the hospital we drove to see General Bowen, President of the Board of Charity Commissioners, who at once gave the order for the immediate removal of the twenty-five women awaiting confinement to a pavilion of Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island. In less than forty-eight hours this was done. All these women recovered.

Further formal representations were made by the Visiting Committee, with the result that, in June, 1874, the lying-in wards at Bellevue were closed, all the women being sent to Blackwell's Island, and the mortality ceased among them, and on Fifth Avenue.

The question naturally arises, why did the Medical Board, knowing, as they must have known, of the mortality in those Bellevue wards, and the cause, treat us as they did, when we offered to nurse the women? Why? The explanation gradually dawned upon us. The obstetrical service was very important to the Medical School, and to remove the women to Blackwell's Island would have interfered with the clinics. They knew that we would soon discover the cause of the mortality, and therefore they objected to placing us in charge. I ought to add that, at

that time, the precautions against infection were most primitive, and many of the doctors did not attach much importance to them, like the doctors in England to whom Lady Priestly refers.

Two years later, we found that the closing of the maternity wards left about twelve women a month, on an average, who were taken in labor in the streets, for whom there was no adequate place of refuge. So there was now another task before us. Doctor, afterwards Bishop, Potter went before the Grand Jury for us, and stated the case, and shortly a disused engine-house was placed at our disposal for the accommodation of these unfortunate women. That discarded old engine-house became a most successful maternity hospital, with the best results of any public hospital at that time in this country.*

On our Board of Managers were some very remarkable women, who brought their rare intelligence, ability and warm hearts to the service of the School, and our meetings, as may be imagined, were most interesting. Among the Presidents of the School in those early days were Mrs. William Preston Griffin, who later served again as our President for many years, and is now Honorary President,

*In July, 1911, there was opened, in this same building, the "City of New York Bellevue Hospital Training School for Midwives."

and whose experiences on the "Hospital Transports" during the Civil War are elsewhere recorded; Mrs. David Lane, who organized the great Metropolitan Fair of the United States Sanitary Commission; Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and Mrs. William Henry Osborn. Mrs. Robert Woodworth was our Secretary until she moved away from New York; and Miss Abby Howland Woolsey, experienced in work for hospitals during the Civil War, of great organizing ability, and who drafted the plan for the training school, was one of our most efficient managers.

My own connection with the School terminated when I moved to Washington, in 1886, and one of my keenest regrets upon leaving New York was that I had to leave the School, which had been my greatest interest. I always feel that I belong to it wherever I may be.

But the one and only member of the Board who began work for the School, in 1872, before it was opened, and continued actively engaged in it without a break until her death, in 1902, was Mrs. William H. Osborn. At the very beginning of the School, and for many years before she died, Mrs. Osborn was its President. I wish I could give an idea of what she was to

the School. Her devotion to it was absolute; she was constantly devising measures for its welfare which her ability made practical; her gentle, unassuming manner concealed a strength of character which her associates could depend upon to help them through any crisis; and yet hers was a rule of love. No one could work with Mrs. Osborn without being affected by her deeply religious nature, without respecting and loving her. Her generosity knew no bounds. She gave a large, comfortable house for the Nurses' home; she gave the model Sturges surgical pavilion; she furnished the old engine-house, changing it into a well-equipped maternity hospital; she was always doing little kindnesses, and great kindnesses, too, for superintendents, nurses and patients, of which only they themselves could ever know. But it was not the gift, it was the way she gave, which made what she did, simply and quietly, so very beautiful—for she gave herself. When Mrs. Osborn died, the whole School mourned her, the whole hospital mourned her, for had she not been their most steadfast friend for all those thirty years?

In an address delivered by the Hon. Joseph H. Choate on Florence Nightingale, in New York, May, 1910, the fiftieth anniversary of

the founding by her of the first training school for nurses in England,* Mr. Choate speaks of the founding of the first training school for nurses in this country, thirteen years later. After naming several ladies who were prominent among the founders of the school, he concludes with the following eloquent tribute to Mrs. Osborn: "That woman of sainted memory, Mrs. William H. Osborn, who led their activities in the creation of that great school, and who gave so much of her heart, her soul, her life and her treasure, to the building up of that school."

As time went on, important benefactions of various kinds were given to the hospital by friends of the School. The old hospital was patched up, but we never ceased our entreaties for a new one. How we strove for it in the early seventies will be found in an interesting report of a special committee of the State Charities Aid Association, of which Bishop Potter was chairman.** It has taken nearly forty years to get that new hospital. And I doubt if anything of value could have been accomplished had it not been for a new

*The Nightingale School was opened at St. Thomas' Hospital, London, June 15, 1860.

** Report of Special Committee on the erection of a new Bellevue Hospital, S. C. A. A. Pub. No. 4, February, 1874.

era in the history of Bellevue, through the creation, in 1902, of the City Department of Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, with an unpaid Board of Trustees appointed by the Mayor.

Since then many changes and improvements have been made, notably the beginning of the "New Bellevue," on the site of the old hospital, now in course of construction and partly occupied; and the erection by the City of a commodious, comfortable Nurses' Residence. The old Nurses' Home, at 426 East 26th Street, has been remodelled and joined to a beautiful new building known as "Osborn Hall," equipped as an Alumnae Club House for Bellevue graduates, and given by Mr. and Mrs. William Church Osborn as a memorial to Mrs. William H. Osborn.

As I have already said, the Bellevue Training School for Nurses, opened May 1, 1873, was the first school of the kind in this country. The New Haven and Boston schools followed closely, being also opened in 1873. Twenty-five years later, in 1898, thirty schools had been established; and to-day (1911) there are 1,100 Training Schools for nurses in the United States.

The early prejudices, the opposition we had to contend with, have long since vanished.

I still remember the expression of amused triumph which passed over the faces of the managers at a Board meeting, a few years after the School had gradually been extending itself over the hospital, when a resolution was received from the Board of Charity Commissioners asking us "to take over *all* the wards of the hospital"; while it was also reported that "Dr. C—— was very angry with us because we had removed our nurses from his ward." Now, a surgeon will not undertake an operation of any importance without the attendance of a trained nurse, and in all serious cases of illness she is always sent for by the doctor, while trained nursing by graduates of Hospital Training Schools has risen to the rank of a profession.

The founders of the School had three objects in view: 1, to provide trained nursing for public hospitals; 2, for private families; 3, for the sick poor; and it is cause for satisfaction and gratitude that all three objects have been attained, while maintaining the high standard of excellence which the School has always stood for.

Our first graduates became, many of them, the superintendents and matrons of a number of training schools in this country. To-day

they are to be found in all our States, and in Japan, Italy and other countries; while, in this city, Bellevue still claims and holds them as their Alma Mater, and they have brought, and still bring, service and comfort and blessing into the homes of both rich and poor.

In writing these personal reminiscences, I have not tried nor wished to give a history of the School or statistical information concerning it. This can be found, by those who wish to know more, in books, reports and printed papers without number, to which they can turn.* But nowhere else will be found an account of the difficulties encountered, the opposition met and overcome, the strivings and struggles, the hopes and fears, as I have tried to depict them, of that earnest little band of women, the first managers of the Bellevue Training School for Nurses, with whom I was associated and with whose friendship I was and am honored.

* Among these "A History of Nursing," by M. Adelaide Nutting, R.N., and Lavinia L. Dock, R.N., 4 vols., G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1912; "A Century of Nursing," by Abby Howland Woolsey, S. C. A. A. Pub. No. 11, 1876; annual reports of the Bellevue Training School for Nurses; State Charities Aid Association reports, etc.

VII

THE CHÂTEAU D'AUNAY

JULY, 1877

NOT long after the Civil War, my brother-in-law, General Berdan, who had invented a breech-loading rifle and cartridge, which was adopted by the Russian Government, went to St. Petersburg to superintend their manufacture, and established himself there with his family for about three years. I made them a short visit there, but there are no incidents connected with it worth relating.

In 1873 General Berdan went to Berlin, and there the family was settled for another three years. I have heard my sister say that, at that time, the court and society of Berlin were the most interesting of the many capitals she had known. The Franco-German War was over, and the Germans were in the first flush of their victories. The old Emperor was still alive, his gracious dignity shedding its influ-

ence on society, while the Crown Princess and her husband gave it a spirit of youth and enthusiasm. Bismarck and Moltke were in their prime, strong and active; energy and hope were in the air; the boy, who later was to discharge "the pilot" and seize the reins of power, then gave no special promise of his future.

Owing to General Berdan's distinction as a soldier and inventor, all doors were open to him, and with him entered his wife and eldest daughter; and even the little son and daughter became the playmates of the future Emperor and the Princess Victoria. I am sure that no one who had ever known my sister Mary, would be disposed to deny her remarkable social gifts. No matter where she might be settled—in a New England village, in the camp near Washington, on a Long Island farm, in Paris, Geneva, Constantinople, Rome—she invariably drew around her the choicest spirits. So did I find her in Berlin, and by her side her eldest daughter, Sarita. Only a month ago (1911) I met Professor Sloane of Princeton, who exclaimed: "Tell me about General Berdan's daughter. I knew her in Berlin; she was a beautiful girl. I remember going into a picture exhibition one

day, where a portrait of a very plain princess had been represented as very handsome by a great artist, when Mr. George Bancroft came up with your niece. He looked at the portrait and, turning to her, exclaimed: 'If Lenbach could make such a beauty of the Princess, my God! what could he not make of you.'” Professor Sloane added: “That was thirty-seven years ago, and I can remember how she looked as she smiled on the old gentleman, as if it were yesterday.” Of course Sarita had plenty of admirers, and a young Frenchman won her; a fine young man in the diplomatic service and for many years Senator in France. They were married in Berlin in 1875.

Two years later, I visited them at his interesting château, or as Count d'Aunay called it, “Mon vieux manoir.” I wrote an account of my visit at the time and entirely forgot it. The other day, in looking over some old papers hidden away in a closet, I came across the manuscript, and insert it here.

CHÂTEAU D'AUNAY

It is recorded in the history “of the noble families of the Duchy of Nevers” that “the Château d'Aunay is about six leagues from

the ancient city of Nevers, and not far from the spot where Saint Perreuse suffered martyrdom." The same authority states that, in the feudal times, the lords of Aunay were constantly at war with their neighbors, and especially with their neighbors the Barons de Champdion. The latter were finally compelled to pay homage annually to the Lord of Aunay, and to offer at the same time, as tribute, one swallow which had to be brought in person by the Baron de Champdion, in a cart covered with moss, drawn by four bulls, to the gates of the château. Here the Baron must kneel, kiss the lock, and let the bird fly. The same authority states that the Comte d'Aunay held his domain by the family Reigner de Garchy, from 1276; it passed, in 1656, by marriage, to the Marignys; and in the same manner, in 1700, to the Le Pelletiers, Marquis de Rosambeau. The Maréchal de Vauban married a Mademoiselle d'Aunay, and his daughter married her cousin, the Comte d'Aunay, who restored the château to its present state in 1744.

Now I will proceed to tell how I found it in 1878. A drive from Nevers, through a fertile and highly cultivated country, brought the party to the village of Aunay. The châ-

teau is a gray stone pile, devoid of ornament, built around a court, surrounded by a moat spanned by a drawbridge, the portcullis with its threatening teeth still hanging ready, as in the days of the Barons de Champdion, to fall before unwelcome visitors. Originally a fortress, standing on a hill above the little village at its base, the castle has been enlarged from time to time, until its dimensions are now spacious enough to accommodate a large family and fifty guests; while the extensive range of out-buildings, offices, stables and kennels indicate the great number of retainers and horses which formed the retinue of the "Grand Seigneur" before the Revolution. The gardens were laid out in the formal style of the period, the orange trees were in full bloom, standing in green boxes, like those at Versailles and Fontainebleau. The village church had been restored by the grandfather of the present proprietor. The entrance to the family chapel was from the garden terrace. The devout behavior of the congregation, which filled the good-sized building, showed that there were but few "mal pensants" among the peasants of Aunay. The congregation was entirely of the peasant class, the older men in blouses, their wives in their

white caps; here and there a girl in a smart hat and feather, and a youth in a black coat, but they looked out of place. One man was pointed out who paid 15,000 francs a year rent for his farm and who was worth 250,000 francs, yet he and his wife and children were clad and appeared as simply as the rest. After viewing the exterior of the château, visiting the farm and the village school, where about one hundred children were assembled, we expressed a wish to examine the interior. "I have not been all over the château myself," said the young hostess; "suppose we call the steward and make a regular tour." "Rather let us go alone, it will be greater fun to explore by ourselves," I cried. "Agreed," said the Count, and armed with a bunch of huge keys, the party set forth.

Leaving the State rooms, all hung with family portraits, to be inspected at leisure, we ascended the wide stone staircase and passed through suite after suite of bedrooms hung with tapestries, representing biblical scenes in gigantic proportions. While the bedrooms were lofty and spacious, furnished with the high canopied beds, large armchairs and sofas of the Louis XV period, the dressing-rooms adjoining were low and

small, and the visitors were puzzled to know what became of the intervening spaces, as the rooms above were disposed in the same manner; and as the Count seemed unable or unwilling to explain, we concluded that these mysterious spaces were for the accommodation of the family ghosts. After counting thirty large bedrooms and dressing-rooms, and sometimes servants' rooms attached, we gave up counting, as we became involved in such a labyrinth of rooms, closets, galleries and staircases, that we lost our way, until finally Count d'Aunay exclaimed: "Here we are at the door of the iron room; come in and have a look at the family archives."

From floor to ceiling were rows of shelves, on which were boxes containing deeds and documents of the family, dating from the twelfth century. Opening one box the Count took from it and placed in my hands a package of letters from Louis XIV to Colbert, who had married a Mademoiselle d'Aunay. Among them was a little note from the Duchesse de la Vallière to Louis XIV, making a rendezvous on a bridge. How did this little scrap of romance creep in among those grave State papers? Possibly the King received the billet-doux while writing to his Minister; it

fell between the papers, was accidentally enclosed, and the Minister preserved it. How else account for its presence among the papers of Colbert, in an old château which he had once inhabited!

On opening the closets of another room, stores of china were revealed: treasures of the East, Italy, Saxony, Sèvres, Chantilly and Nevers. Fancy the rapture of a collector who finds before him shelf after shelf crowded with porcelain and faïence which had received no additions since 1799. We could find no marks of a later date than 1789, and many of the pieces were very rare and of great beauty. After a look at the linen room, which contained not only stores of linen sufficient to supply a large public institution for a term of years, but the priests' robes for baptisms, marriages and funerals, we repaired to the drawing-room to rest and talk over our discoveries.

The drawing-room was furnished in the time of Louis XVI. The mirrors were set into the walls, framed by delicately carved wreaths of flowers, painted white, the panels were white, and the hangings and furniture pale blue satin. (This visit took place in 1877, before the French style of decoration

had been introduced into the United States.) Portraits of men and women, in gay court costumes, looked down upon us, and landscapes by Boucher and Watteau ornamented the spaces over the doors. "It is to the good sense of that man," said the Count, pointing to the full-length portrait of a general officer, "that I owe the possession of this estate. He was my great-grandfather. Instead of following the Princes into exile at the time of the Revolution, he came here when he found it dangerous to remain in Paris, and lived quietly on the estate during all those troubled years. Whenever there was any hue and cry for him, he would disappear among the tenantry for a while; thus the property escaped confiscation, and I am benefited by what my mother, who is a strong legitimist, is disposed to call the treason of my ancestor; for it is still considered, among the legitimists, that any man who willingly remained in France at that time was disloyal to the King's cause." "There are all manner of stories about him," said the Countess. "I fear he was something of a 'mauvais sujet.' See what a merry gleam there is in his eye, while all the other men look so grave and prim in their wigs and rolls of parchment and books by their sides.

I often think those pretty, gay women, in their laces and patches, must have had a dull time with such grim companions. I wonder how they managed to amuse themselves." "Don't trouble yourself on their account, my dear," said her husband; "depend upon it they had no lack of amusement. I fear if we examine very closely into their careers we might feel obliged, as their descendants and good Catholics, to expend some of the income we have inherited from them in masses for their souls. But I have one relative whose soul is safe, and if you will come into the library I will show you her legacy to me."

THE BAROLO COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPHS

On a table in a corner of the well-stored library, where the worldly-wise Lieutenant General had doubtless whiled away a good many hours of his self-enforced seclusion while France was passing through her bloody ordeal, were five massive oaken boxes, which our host opened, and laid before us a collection of autographs, which we subsequently learned was considered one of the most interesting in Europe. They were collected by the Marquise de Barolo, née de Colbert, a

great lady of Turin, and great-aunt of the present owner of Aunay, to whom she bequeathed them. This lady and her husband, who were celebrated for their charity and benevolence, offered to Silvio Pellico (the author of "I miei Prigioni"), on his release from Spielberg, a home for life in their house, with the post of secretary and a handsome salary. In the second volume of the "Life of George Ticknor" is the following account of a visit to Madame de Barolo, where he met Pellico:

"Pellico is a small, commonplace-looking man, about fifty years old, gentle, modest, and quiet in his manners; his health still feeble, but not bad, from his long confinement; and with a subdued air, which shows that the spirit within him has been much bruised and crushed, and probably his very talent and mind reduced in its tone. . . . Among those who now sought his acquaintance (on his release from Spielberg, after the *Prigioni* were published), were the Marquis and Marquise de Barolo, persons of large fortune,—two hundred or three hundred thousand francs per annum,—of an old family, of intellectual tastes, and much devoted to doing good. . . . Madame de Barolo, to our great

surprise, is a Frenchwoman, who, notwithstanding her well-known religious character and habitual, active benevolence, has all a Frenchwoman's grace, vivacity and *esprit*. The appearance of things was everywhere elegant, tasteful, and intellectual. So was the conversation. . . . About an hour after we arrived dinner was announced, which was served about six o'clock, by candlelight, in a beautiful room, ornamented with a few pieces of sculpture. The service was of silver. Pellico was gentle and pleasant, but talked little, and I could not help noticing the contrast between his conversation and the grave, strong, manly conversation of Count Balbo, as well as the gay, lively *commerage* of Madame de Barolo. The dinner, which was entirely French, was extremely agreeable, and when it was over we went to the salon, had coffee and more pleasant talk, looked over autographs, etc., till about nine, when we returned to Turin."

I was fortunate in being permitted to make extracts from a few of the Barolo autograph letters which especially interested me. These I have translated.

*Letter from Silvio Pellico to Madame la Mar-
quise Juliette Colbert de Barolo*

MADAME:

As your valuable collection of autographs requires certain explanations in order to give a clear idea of the subject of each, you have kindly permitted me to undertake the task during my happy sojourn at your villa. I am your debtor for this favor, Madame, for there are few occupations which recreate the mind so much as that of reading the records of historical personages, and tracing out anecdotes which relate to them. The slight labor which this requires is amply repaid by the keen pleasure derived by being enabled to enter in spirit into other times and other places—to be face to face with the interests of kings and queens, great statesmen, illustrious warriors, the savant and the artist, and also with those women who have been celebrated, some for their beauty and their talent, and some also for their misfortunes. But nothing equals the charm which is attached to the handwriting of a saint, two words, to the simple signature of one whose merit has been to fulfil his or her duties to an eminent degree, or whose persecutions and

sufferings have entitled him to be compared, like Louis XVI, to the ancient martyrs. Such lives are then more than memorials; they are relics.

In executing the little task which I now have the honor of presenting to you, Madame, I have followed the advice of M. le Marquis de Barolo, who proposed that the autographs should be left in the order that you chanced to receive them, rather than to divide them into classes, a distinction which is generally most difficult to make impartially, and which is only absolutely necessary to make in very large collections. When you wish to find any of these autographs, you have only to refer to the alphabetical table at the end, which indicates the number of each piece. I beg you to accept my feeble homage, and the sentiments of deep respect and attachment, with which I glory in being, Madame, your very humble and obedient servant,

SILVIO PELLICO.

It would be difficult for me to give any complete idea of this remarkable and most interesting collection. Saints, priests, popes, kings, poets, historians, men of science and men of war, statesmen, tragedians, women

celebrated in history and in song, all have contributed to it. St. Francis of Assisi, Savonarola, St. Charles Borromeo, Pascal, Bossuet, Fénelon, Angelique Arnaud, among the number.

The Admiral Coligny writes to Catherine de Medici, assuring her of his fidelity and his desire for peace; Jeanne d'Albret to Catherine, "full of affection and confidence." In the light of the great massacre, how pathetic are such letters! Five letters from Ferdinand the Catholic, several from Charles V, one characteristic note from Philip II, recommending a Franciscan monk. Marguerite de Valois, first wife of Henry IV, acknowledges a loan from a gentleman of 10,166 crowns, in 1603.

Coming down to more modern times, a letter from the Comtesse de Mailly to Louis XV: "I shall await you on Sunday with the greatest pleasure, loving you as I do so madly. It shows that I have no *amour propre* to make such an avowal to my Lord. I embrace you with all my heart." "Died," says Pellico's note, "in 1751, avec des sentiments de penitence."

From Madame la Marquise de Pompadour to a Marshal of France: "Monsieur Tronchin is giving me a drug to reduce an en-

largement of the heart, which he tells me is caused by the very violent grief I have suffered during the last two years. He tells me he could cure me if I could be altogether free from trouble. On that condition, I do not see how I can ever expect to be well. Sensibility is a hateful thing, my friend, do not complain of this, however. What do you say, Monsieur le Maréchal?"

Eight pieces from Victor Alfieri, containing sonnets and letters. One is a love letter, written after he had cut off his hair so as to render himself unpresentable before a woman he had loved, and still loved—(Pellico's note) "I have given you this evening the best proof of my weakness; I assuredly hope it may be the last. You will see, by what I here send you, that I am quite determined not to retract. It is very humiliating to me that the only result of my firmness has been to deprive myself of my freedom of will."

Montalembert, to Silvio Pellico

June 21, 1837.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:

I beg of you to pardon any involuntary delay in answering your delightful letter of the 23rd of February, and believe me that,

in spite of my silence, it has filled my heart and that of the angel who shares every feeling of my life, with emotion and boundless gratitude. We shall always preserve this letter as one of our greatest treasures. Unfortunately it did not reach Rome until some time after our departure from that city. The Abbé Lacordaire forwarded it to me, and it arrived at a time when I was in Paris, absorbed in the studies and by the anxieties of the discussions of the law relating to the Archbishopric. But now that I am by the side of my wife, enjoying the repose of the country, I hasten to offer you the feeble expression of the affection which fills my heart for you. We had hoped to have passed through Turin in returning from Rome, and I had promised myself the great pleasure of seeing you and of presenting my wife to you, who feels for you the most ardent enthusiasm. But the heavy snows on the Mount Cenis obliged us to take the Mount St. Gothard route; thus forcing us to content ourselves with having, while at Venice, visited that prison which you have described with such eloquent resignation in your immortal book. We found on the adjoining roof some leaves, which we gathered, and which my wife care-

fully preserves and, now and then, distributes among your female admirers, who are so numerous in France, and especially among that noble family into which I have entered through my marriage. You are quite right, my dear Sir, in saying that God has given me a "worthy wife." Unfortunately, I am far as yet from being worthy of her. But I think of the Divine Goodness, which has permitted me to find in the charming young girl I have married a direct descendant of the dear Saint Elizabeth. Within the last few days, I have become the father of a little girl, who very naturally has received the name of the distinguished saint from whom she has the honor to descend.*

Adieu, my dear friend. Do not refuse me the privilege of giving you this title which is most true. I unite myself to you before God in the deepest sincerity of my heart.

LE COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT.

In the life of Montalembert, by Mrs. Oliphant, is a touching account of this daughter Elizabeth, which may be appropriately introduced in connection with the above letter.

*Montalembert married Mademoiselle de Merode, of the distinguished Belgian family of that name, sister of the well-known Monseigneur de Merode.

"One day," says Madame Cochin, "his charming and beloved child entered that library which all his friends know so well, and said to him: 'I am fond of everything around me. I love pleasure, wit, society and its amusements; I love my family, my studies, my companions, my youth, my life, my country; but I love my God better than all and I desire to give myself to Him.' And when he said to her: 'My child, is there anything that grieves you?' she went to the bookshelves and sought out one of the volumes in which he had narrated the history of the Monks of the West. 'It is you,' she answered, 'who have taught me that withered hearts and weary souls are not the things which we ought to offer to God.' Some months after," continues the same friendly and sympathetic narrator, "I had the happiness of accompanying the family to the humble sanctuary where the marriage ceremony was to take place. The priest was at the altar to celebrate the bridal, and the bride, adorned for her marriage, in her orange flowers and bridal veil, knelt radiant and tender at the altar. But there was no bridegroom. The bridegroom was that invisible husband who, for two thousand years, has attached so many young

souls to him by bonds which cannot be broken,
and drawn them by a charm which nothing
can equal." *

*This chapter was not completed.

—*Editor.*

VIII

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED

1881-1882

IN the course of my studies and inquiries on the subject of trained nursing, I fell into correspondence with Mr. Rathbone, of Liverpool, one of its most distinguished citizens and member of Parliament. He had been one of the earliest promoters of trained nursing in England, and had introduced the system into the workhouse hospital of Liverpool.

It was Mr. Rathbone, if I remember correctly, who, long after the Bellevue Training School had been established, sent me a pamphlet about the "Saint John Ambulance Association" of England.

The members of this Society, a lineal descendant, so to speak, of the Order of the Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem, having

served under the flag of the Red Cross during the Franco-Prussian War, returned to England desirous of continuing their services for the relief of suffering in their own country in time of peace. The feature of their work which especially interested me was, not so much the establishment of cottage hospitals and ambulance systems, but that of giving instruction in the preliminary treatment of injuries from accident and other emergencies, which had been the means of saving many lives and of mitigating much suffering. With the co-operation of some of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of England, the Saint John Ambulance Association, in 1877, organized classes and arranged for courses of lectures. The instruction was eminently practical—how to keep a wounded man from bleeding to death, how to revive a person apparently drowned, how to handle a broken limb, what to do in case of accident or sudden illness until the doctor could come. The instruction was especially valuable for policemen, firemen, stevedores, railway employees and factory hands; but persons of all ranks in life applied for instruction, from the Princess Christian down to miners and working women. In less than six years, over 40,000

pupils had passed their examinations and had received certificates.*

I was deeply impressed by what I had read, and then found, as so often happens, that others were equally interested and had also been collecting information. Among these was my friend, Miss Sarah T. Sands,** of my own Hospital Committee of the State Charities Aid Association. Mr. John Paton, of New York, had written to her from England—this was in 1881—greatly interested in the important work of the Saint John Ambulance Association, which he much desired to see established here. He had also written a short article describing it, for the New York "Christian at Work."

And here let me pause for a moment to speak, with grateful acknowledgement, of the indebtedness of this country to England for many of our most important undertakings. Our training schools for nurses owe their origin to Miss Nightingale, our Associated Charities to the Charity Organization Society of London, our After Care of the Insane to

* See paper by John B. Pine, "First Aid to the Injured," read at the Tenth Annual National Conference of Charities and Correction, Louisville, Kentucky, September, 1883.

** Now Mrs. John R. Paddock, of East Orange, N. J.

England's initiative, our First Aid to the Injured to the Saint John Ambulance Association—these but a tithe of what we owe to England's great philanthropists.

But to return. Miss Sands and I talked the matter over with Mr. Paton, whose first-hand information of the work in England was of great assistance throughout, and decided that organized work in this country might better be undertaken by the State Charities Aid Association, a strong, active society, commanding the respect and confidence of the public, with headquarters in New York City, and already engaged in work for hospitals. With the full approval and support of the President of the Association, the subject was presented at a meeting of the Standing Committee on Hospitals. Miss Sands read a statement, which I enlarged upon. Much interest was excited, and our suggestion that the Committee should take immediate action was received with enthusiasm.

Then and there, on the 8th of December, 1881, the first step in organization was taken for "First Aid" work in this country, by the appointment of a Special Committee of the Hospital Committee of the State Charities

Aid Association, with power to act.* The committee consisted of Mrs. d'Orémieulx, Miss Sands, and myself as chairman. From that time on, not a day was lost. It was at this meeting, if I remember rightly, that a spirited discussion arose about the name. I was not in favor of "Saint John Ambulance Association," because I thought it might not be understood in this country. "Let us take, instead," I cried, "a name which will describe what we mean to do. Let us call ourselves *First Aid to the Injured*." The suggestion was adopted by acclamation; and this is the name which, for work of this kind, has been used in all parts of the country from that day to this.

Our little committee of three met frequently at the house of Mrs. d'Orémieulx, in Greene street, then part of the Washington Square fashionable quarter, and there we made our plans. We issued invitations to members of the Association, and others, for a meeting to be held in the rooms of the Association, at 6 East 14th Street. Availing myself of material furnished by Miss Sands and

*See minutes of meeting, December 8, 1881, Hospital Committee minute book, State Charities Aid Association. See also Tenth Annual Report, State Charities Aid Association, November, 1882, pp. 21-23.

Mr. Paton, in addition to my own, I prepared a paper to be read on that occasion, describing the work in England, and what we hoped to do here. I wonder what has become of that paper. It was printed and passed through several editions, but I have kept no copy of it.

The meeting, held on the 4th of January, 1882, was well attended, and resulted in the appointment of a Standing Committee of the State Charities Aid Association on "First Aid to the Injured," of about forty members. Subcommittees were appointed and Preliminary steps were taken for lectures and for the formation of classes.

On the 25th of January another meeting of the Committee was held, when General George B. McClellan was elected Chairman, Miss Eleanor Blodgett, Secretary, and Mr. John Paton, Treasurer. I was made Chairman of an Executive Committee of twelve, and we soon got to work in good earnest.*

That was indeed an active winter. I enjoyed the work—the daily intercourse with earnest, capable people, the strong bond of fellowship, the enthusiasm of the young doctors, our happiness when a new class was

* First Report of Committee on First Aid to the Injured of the State Charities Aid Association, May, 1882.

formed, the rapid progress made. Of course we worked hard—all of us. To me, it was like the old days of the Training School, with all of the pleasures and none of the difficulties—for there was no opposition to “First Aid.” Everybody wanted it. We had not even money to raise, for the lectures were given gratuitously, and most generously by the doctors, twenty-three of whom volunteered their services, and the “pay classes” furnished the money to cover the expenses of the free classes.

It may well be imagined that the position of our young Secretary, Miss Blodgett, was no sinecure. Much was due to her ability and devotion that winter; and the following summer she went to England to gather more detailed information for our benefit.

But, first and most of all, were we indebted to the physicians and surgeons, without whom the work could not have been carried on; and especially to Dr. Bowditch Morton, son of the celebrated discoverer of ether, who wrote our manual of instruction,* was Chairman of the Medical Committee, and who also assumed the arduous duties of Medical Examiner. Of

* “First Aid to the Injured,” by Bowditch Morton, M.D. Handbook. Copyrighted, 1884.

the classes, those for shop-girls, dwellers in tenement houses and workmen's clubs, were formed by Miss Sands and Miss Grace Dodge; for railway employees, in the Grand Central Station, by Mr. Stockwell; for the men of the Hoe Printing Press Works and the Delamater Iron Works, by Mrs. Robert Hoe, Jr. Mrs. Griffin had charge of the lecture courses. Mrs. Van Auken organized the colored classes; while the "pay classes," of ladies who paid for their instruction, were formed by Miss Gertrude L. Hoyt and Mrs. Henry Oakley.

There were five lectures to each course, the classes averaging about thirty pupils. During the first hour, oral instruction was given, upon hemorrhages, wounds, burns, suffocation, broken limbs, shock, other injuries from accidents, sunstroke, sudden illness, etc. In the last half hour pupils were required to put into practice what they had learned—by means of a boy employed for the purpose, who served as "object lesson." Pupils were taught how to make and apply tourniquets and bandages, how to compress an artery, how, when possible, to restore respiration, how to improvise a stretcher from materials at hand, how to lift and carry an injured person, how, in fact, to render all possible assistance, in

cases of accident or emergency, until a doctor could be summoned.

Much to our regret, we were not able to organize the police and firemen classes until the following year. And yet, for persons so entirely new to the work as we were, perhaps we should have been satisfied—for 32 courses of lectures to 22 free and 10 pay classes, with nearly 1,000 pupils, and one or more branch committees formed in other States, is really not a bad record for a first six months.*

In the autumn of 1882, I was obliged to sail for Europe, to be absent for several years. I was deeply interested in the work and regretted to leave it. But it had already proved its usefulness, was being ably conducted and was sure to go on.

Although "First Aid to the Injured" was started in this country, as I have already said, in December, 1881, as a Committee of the State Charities Aid Association, it soon became apparent as the work enlarged and grew in importance, that the Committee should be reorganized as an independent society, directly responsible to the community, and more able to extend itself beyond the

* First Report of Committee on "First Aid to the Injured," of the State Charities Aid Association, May, 1882.

State. With some reluctance on the part of its members, this separation from the parent Association was effected, and the Committee was reorganized on the third of February, 1883, under the name of "The Society for Instruction in First Aid to the Injured." The Hon. John Jay was elected President, Mr. John Paton, Treasurer, Mr. John B. Pine, Secretary, and Dr. Bowditch Morton, Chairman of the Medical Committee and Medical Examiner.*

That second year both classes and pupils increased in number, and the work had begun to assume national importance.**

* Annual Report of "Society for Instruction in First Aid to the Injured," October, 1883.

** "The Society adopted a plan of organization which may be briefly stated as follows: It consists of a central body, and of branches; the central body is composed of the officers and managers of the Society, and of representatives of the various branches, and is located in New York City. It is the business of this body to organize branches in the larger towns and cities, and detached classes in smaller places. . . . By this system of organization, the Society obtains that united action which is best calculated to promote its objects, and at the same time each branch preserves its independence and exercises a complete control over its own affairs, subject only to such general regulations as are necessary to secure uniformity of action. The Society issues certificates to pupils passing the examination, and also furnishes the branches with circulars containing the syllabus of instruction, rules for lectures and lecturers, rules and blank reports for superintendents of classes, copies of the constitution and by-laws, and also, at cost price, the 'Handbook of Instruc-

The first class formed outside of New York City was in Orange, N. J., in 1882. Then followed, in 1883, Providence, R. I., Brunswick and Newark, N. J., Buffalo and Rochester, N. Y., and Hampton, Va. The successful "First Aid" classes in Boston were formed, the same year, by the Women's Industrial Union, and were called "Emergency Lectures." In Philadelphia, the work was begun by Dr. J. William White, of the University of Pennsylvania, who gave lectures to the police force, with such marked results that a large mass meeting was called at the Academy of Music, to hear the reports from the police stations of the saving of lives and relief of suffering, and to establish "First Aid" work in Philadelphia on a firm basis.

Years of expansion and usefulness followed. In the 1911 report of the Society, there were recorded 1,500 pupils and 60 classes in New York City, for policemen, firemen, Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, the Salvation Army and others.

The Society continues to report annually

tion in First Aid to the Injured,' which has been issued by the Society, and, on similar terms, the necessary appliances for the lectures."—*From Annual Report of "The Society for Instruction in First Aid to the Injured," October, 1883.*

to the State Charities Aid Association. Its President, Mr. Charles H. Marshall, one of its oldest and most active members, is also a member of the New York State branch of the American Red Cross, the two societies working together.

How many national "First Aid" societies there may now be in this country, I do not know.* In the old days of my youth, in the little villages and towns, we knew personally our poorer neighbors, and helped them when in need; then came the crowded cities with their foreign population, requiring systematized relief-giving on a large scale; and, finally, social-

* There are *three* national "First Aid" organizations in the United States, more or less active, with date of formation as follows:

1882. The "Society for Instruction in First Aid to the Injured," organized by Mrs. Joseph Hobson, January 4, 1882, as a Committee on "First Aid to the Injured" of the State Charities Aid Association; reorganized under its present name, February 3, 1883. Headquarters of the Society, 105 East 22d Street, New York City.

1905. "The National First Aid Association of America," organized by Miss Clara Barton, April 14, 1905. Executive office, Associates Building, Arlington, Mass.

1910. "First Aid Department, American Red Cross," officially organized, January, 1910, as a Committee of the War Relief Board of the American Red Cross. Headquarters, American Red Cross, 715 Union Trust Building, Washington, D. C.

Editor.

service work—as it is now called—has become nation-wide in scope and in organization.

A strong and very important impetus has been given “First Aid” by the United States Government during the past year, through the organization, in January, 1910, of a “First Aid Department” of the American Red Cross—of which the President of the United States, since the reorganization of the Red Cross in 1905, is chairman. My friend, Miss Mabel Boardman, one of its most active and able members, is chairman of the Executive Committee. Although the “First Aid Department” has been but recently established, it is already doing very efficient work. Two Red Cross cars now (1911) travel over the railroads, giving instruction at the shops and to gatherings of trainmen and others along the route; while other “First Aid” cars are to be sent to the mining regions to furnish lectures and demonstrations there. And further extension is being planned for the entire country.

Nor must I fail to mention the very important fact that courses in “First Aid to the Injured” are now part of the curriculum at West Point and at Annapolis. Also that the New York Central Railroad, through its

Young Men's Christian Association department, gives this instruction to a very large number of its employees.

How the work has spread from that small beginning! Now, boys and girls, soldiers and sailors, firemen and policemen, are taught "First Aid"; the necessary outfit is sold at all the drug stores, and not to know how to assist in case of accident is a reproach to every bystander. When I look back upon the march of improvement in my lifetime in benevolence and philanthropy, and in the intelligence shown in doing good, I rejoice that I have been permitted to have had a little share in it.

IX

CONSTANTINOPLE

1882-1885

IN 1881 my dear husband passed away most suddenly from an attack of angina pectoris, an event for which I was absolutely unprepared. A more noble nature, a more high-minded and more perfect gentleman never walked the earth, very courteous, though reserved in manner, disposed to silence in society, and therefore a good listener, generous and liberal in his ideas of living, devoted to his family. I can only add the estimate of General Sherman: "He was indeed a gentle gentleman."

I remained in New York a year after my husband's death, until September, 1882, and then went to Europe to join my sister, Mrs. Berdan, who with General Berdan was in Constantinople. I stopped in Paris for a few weeks at the American Legation, where my

brother-in-law, Mr. Morton, was at that time Minister. He and Mrs. Morton were winning golden opinions by the manner in which they were representing our country.

I was accompanied on my journey to Constantinople by my niece Bessie, General Berdan's daughter, who will figure in my story during the next few years. We made a most delightful trip by way of Venice, the Adriatic and Athens. We arrived at Constantinople at a most interesting political moment. The English had recently defeated Arabi Pasha, and Lord Dufferin was preparing to go to Egypt to assume control of the government. The Sultan was furious at the state of affairs; he refused to act with the English, and resented what he called their interference.

It was at this time that he consulted our Minister, General Wallace, who, as a distinguished officer of our Civil War, was, he considered, not only able to advise him, but would also be disinterested. General Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur," was an idealist as well as a soldier, so when the Sultan said: "General, what do you advise me to do?" the Minister replied: "Your Majesty, gird on the sword of Osman and lead your forces yourself." The

Sultan, who was an arrant coward, was so flattered at the suggestion, that General Wallace was a supreme favorite ever after, and though only a Minister, could always obtain an audience with the Sultan whenever he asked for it, in preference to an Ambassador. I always attribute the success of General Berdan's negotiations with the Turkish Government, and the payment of a large sum due him, to the well-known partiality of the Sultan for our Minister, who, of course, used his influence in behalf of his countrymen.

At that time, the diplomatic corps at Constantinople was composed of most interesting people. Of Lord Dufferin it is unnecessary to say more than that I fell under the spell he exercised over all who knew him (except the Sultan, to whom he embodied the detested power of England); but I could never appreciate Lord Dufferin's reputation as a statesman. He was such a "charmeur," ready always to flirt with every pretty woman, that I could not take him seriously. As someone said, he was the "Spoiled Child of the British Foreign Office." In Canada he was adored. After he left there, the Canadian Government paid his debts and every town in the Dominion named a bridge or a street after him; and I

shall never forget the scene the day he left for India, every woman in the British colony in tears and he striving to show sympathy for each. Lady Dufferin was shy and reserved to strangers, but in her intimate circle most cordial. She was very fond of playing romping games, and many a time I have raced through the great rooms and up and down the stairs of the Embassy on the Bosphorus with her, the children and the secretaries, in the game of "follow my leader." She was admirable in private theatricals, always taking the part of the "jeune première," losing all her natural shyness when on the stage.

How impossible it is to form correct judgments of the future of young men! We little thought, as they gathered around our tea table and joined our riding and water parties, that we should live to see Goschen Ambassador to Vienna, Lowther Ambassador to Constantinople, Nicolson to St. Petersburg and now head of the Foreign Office, and Hardinge Viceroy of India. These men have received their reward; but the diplomatic service is full of disappointments and deceptions, and, after a rather intimate acquaintance with its members of different nationalities, I have come to the conclusion that it is the most unsatisfac-

tory career I know. In the first place, it expatriates a man. If he succeeds, he must live continuously away from his country, and although the facilities of travel are now such that he can return oftener than formerly, still he loses touch with public affairs at home, and when he finally returns he is a stranger in his native land. This applies most to those countries, unlike ours, where there is a permanent diplomatic service. I have noticed that diplomats are always discontented, for the reason that they never are permanently settled. They are naturally always looking forward to a change of post. Then the nature of their profession makes them suspicious and gossiping. They must be ever on the alert to see what their colleagues are about, and although I do not go so far as old Wotton, who said, "An Ambassador is an honest man sent abroad to lie for the commonwealth," still I confess I have known one or two who would have answered the requirement. I notice in Morley's "Life," Mr. Gladstone expresses more or less this same opinion.

In corroboration of my views of diplomacy as a career, I will translate the following from the memoirs of the Countess de Boigne, the daughter of a distinguished French diplomat,

and a woman who had lived in diplomatic circles all her life: "In my opinion there is no career . . . where the honors one receives are more independent of their real value and of every personal consideration. I know that this career is generally considered the most desirable, especially when one reaches the rank of Ambassador. I have only known it myself as such, and I pronounce it detestable. When one has worked all night to make up the day's work, and finally succeeds in carrying out a difficult and delicate negotiation, all the honor reverts to the Minister, who has intentionally sent you instructions so twisted and involved that he leaves you to divine his intentions in order to disavow your acts, in case he should so desire. On the other hand, if the negotiation fails, the Minister shrugs his shoulders, calls you stupid, and you are powerless, because secrecy being the fundamental law of the profession, you are forbidden to justify yourself. I comprehend that a man in public life might find it convenient to accept a foreign post for a certain period, rather than to retire from politics entirely . . . but if he makes a prolonged absence, he returns at the end of his career, to lead, in his own country, a life shut out from all its interests, a stranger to his

family, with no intimate friends, and out of touch with those habits and customs which compensate the old for the pleasures of youth."

But to return to Constantinople. A greater contrast to Lady Dufferin than the Marquise de Noailles, wife of the French Ambassador, could not be imagined. She was a native of Poland, but had gone early to France and, with her sister, was one of the gay ladies of the Second Empire.

When I knew her, she still had the remains of great beauty, for which she had been celebrated, and the seductive manners which had beguiled the Marquis into marrying her in spite of the opposition of his aristocratic family. She had the art "*d'installation*" to a great degree, and the marked difference of character of the two women could not be better illustrated than to pass from the stiff drawing-rooms of the English Embassy to those of the French, hung with *Toile de Gênes* and overflowing with flowers. Monsieur de Noailles had been previously French Minister in Washington, and his wife's comment on that post was: "*très cher et pas d'hommes.*"

Those Embassies on the Bosphorus always seemed to me like the hanging gardens of Semiramis, and to this day I can think of no

position for a woman more absolutely satisfactory to her pride and vanity, combining as it does Eastern luxury and the pomp of power.

The Russian Ambassador at that time was Monsieur Nélidoff, now in Paris, and the German, Mr. de Radowitz, a most able man, later Ambassador in Spain. At that time the German Emperor was laying his plans to undermine the English influence and trade in the near East. He was so ably seconded by his Ambassador, Mr. de Radowitz, and his successor, that German trade has not only now penetrated into every part of the Sultan's dominion, but Germans control important positions in the army and in the finance department.

I passed two winters in Pera (the European quarter of Constantinople) and two summers in a beautiful old villa at Buyukdereh on the Bosphorus. Being free from political affinities, our house was neutral ground where the members of the various nationalities could meet without suspicion. Even aides-de-camp from the Palace came there, when they would not venture, except officially, to an Embassy.

Among the Turkish officials were two who deserve special notice—Rustem Pasha and Pangeris Bey. The former, an Italian by birth,

but a loyal subject of the Sultan, was as attractive in his personality and as agreeable in manner as Lord Dufferin himself. After the Damascene Massacre, which Lord Dufferin was sent to subdue, Rustem Pasha was appointed Governor of the Lebanon and pacified the religious animosities of the Druses and Maronites by his conciliatory measures. Although a man of high temper, he had it so wonderfully under control that, unless one had seen it flash out as I have once or twice, one would never have suspected the passion veiled by that calm, courteous exterior. What delightful evenings I have passed listening to his tales of Turkey as he knew it in his youth! He was taken there as a boy (there was a good deal of mystery about his origin), and his training had made him a true Oriental; while his intimate knowledge of European politics and European society—speaking every language perfectly—made him a most interesting companion and gave him great advantage in his intercourse with his colleagues. I remember his description of Lady Ellenborough and of her life with her last husband, the Arab Sheik; also of Lady Hester Stanhope and her life in Syria; Sir Richard Burton and his remarkable wife; and his stories of palace and

harem life, with which he had been brought up in the days before Abdul Aziz modernized the customs. I used to think, as I listened, that it was like the Arabian Nights' tales, with the sex of the story teller and the listener reversed. Rustem Pasha died as Turkish Ambassador in London.

His account of Lady Ellenborough's life was incredible. She was a Miss Digby, and granddaughter of the great Commoner, Coke of Norfolk. At sixteen she married Lord Ellenborough, an old and vicious man. She ran away from him with Prince Swartzenberg, who refused to marry her after Lord Ellenborough had divorced her. She then became the mistress of the King of Bavaria, who married her to one of his subjects to preserve appearances. Lady Ellenborough tired of him, and he committed suicide when she deserted him. She subsequently deserted five Italians and two Greeks—a child of one of the latter was killed before her eyes—and finally she fell desperately in love with a young Arab Sheik. She married him, according to the Moslem rite, at the age of fifty. She spent six months of the year with him in the desert, performing all the duties of a Mohammedan wife, milked the camels, washed her husband's feet

and hands and cooked his food. She also supported his other wives and children, who were kept aloof from her. With all this, she remained a Christian in name, and in her prayer book after her death were found the words written by her own hand: "Judge not that ye be not judged." This account of her, which I had from Rustem Pasha, I have recently seen confirmed, almost word for word, in the life of Coke of Norfolk, her grandfather.

To my other friend, Pangeris Bey, I owe much in the way of pleasure and information. He belonged to one of those famous families who have been in the service of the Sultan since the conquest of Constantinople, as loyal subjects; but, like the Jews who are waiting the coming of the Messiah, they are silently anticipating the moment when the Greeks will come into their own again, and then they expect to rule in the palaces of their conquerors. Of such are the Masurus, Condoriotti, Mavroyeni, Aristarchi, names of European reputation, for they are always in the diplomatic service of the Sultan. Pangeris had nothing Turkish about him; he was pure Greek, small in stature, but perfectly formed, and very athletic, a distinguished officer, having been aide-de-camp to Osman Pasha during the

Russo-Turkish War, speaking five languages fluently and with vast knowledge of the world. He was at first a most interesting acquaintance and later a most valued friend. On Fridays, after the Selamlık, in summer he would come for me and my niece, and take us in one of the palace caiques up the Bosphorus. We would land at one of the picturesque little villages which line the shores, where we would sit under the trees and drink coffee, and watch from a discreet distance the Turkish women and children. I recall the interest we felt in the brother of the Sultan imprisoned in the beautiful palace of Dolma Batchi. One day we questioned our friend about him, as we were passing in the caique. Pangeris turned his head away, and was silent. After we had passed, he said in an undertone: "Ladies, if these men who are rowing us understood you, and were to report your remarks, it would cost me my post and possibly my head."

Pangeris would often take us to the beautiful villas of the Turks and the Greeks on the Bosphorus, where we would visit the ladies, to whom we were as great objects of interest as they were to us. They never could understand why my niece was not married. An old

eunuch told Pangeris she was worth two thousand dollars! In the winter, Pangeris would take us to the mosques and bazaars. He taught me how to distinguish one kind of carpet from another, how to fix their value as well as that of embroideries, and I owe to his advice the purchase of a Persian carpet which is one of my most valuable possessions. He became the intimate friend of Marion Crawford, and figures in "Paul Patoff" as Bal-samides Bey. His great ambition was to come to Washington as Minister, but his views were too democratic to suit the Sultan as his representative in America, and he died as Secretary of the Embassy in Rome.*

Apropos of the bazaars, I made some purchases of tiles for friends in New York which afforded me a great deal of entertainment. I learned upon inquiry that some very rare and valuable tiles were in the possession of a dentist who, through his professional duties at the Palace, had obtained a contract for repairing a very beautiful mosque. In so doing, he had abstracted a large number of the best tiles and substituted imitations. Mindful

* Since writing the above, the young Turkish party has driven the Sultan from the throne, and Turkey is enjoying liberty of thought and speech for the first time in its history.

of my folly in letting the tiles in South America slip through my fingers, I resolved to get possession of these. I found the only way to see them was to make a professional engagement with the dentist. My friend, a collector, who had given me the information, and who had seen the tiles, was willing to wager a beautiful piece of embroidery that my efforts at getting a glimpse of them would be unsuccessful. I found the dentist in a gloomy old Turkish house literally overflowing with bric-à-brac of every kind, not excepting the room where he practised his profession, regardless of germs and innocent of antiseptics. After permitting a preliminary examination of my teeth, I turned to the nearest "objet de vertu" near me, and having acquired a certain familiarity with the jargon of the collector, I soon succeeded in making him think that I was a true *virtuoso*, and we fell into discussions over the Tanagra figures and Greek and Egyptian pottery scattered about, but I did not discover a single tile. Gradually, I induced him to lead me from room to room, until finally he opened a door, and lo! there they were, the floor and walls covered with them! I restrained my exclamations of admiration because I was told that he was very

cautious about showing them, having stolen them from the mosque. I waited long enough to satisfy myself that there was nothing finer in Constantinople and that I must have them at any cost. I deputed the collector to make an offer for them. He reported that the dentist said his wife was not willing to part with them, but he added: "Patience, everything comes to those who know how to wait." Three months passed, and no signs of success and no word from the dentist until one evening, at a ball, my friend the collector whispered in my ear: "the dentist is dead! Now is your chance." Negotiations were entered into with the dentist's son, and finally I obtained the choice and the number I required, when another question arose: how shall we get them out of the country?—the Turkish Custom officials being as keen for export duty as those in New York for imports—when the owner of a yacht came to my assistance. He agreed to send his sailors for the box, which he did, and deposited it on the deck of his ship, whence it sailed to America, and in due course of time the tiles found their place in Mr. C——'s house.

I may add here that when Sir Purden Clarke called to see me in Washington, a short time ago, he said, looking at the few I had retained

for myself: "I know where they come from, and those you did not take are now in the South Kensington Museum."

One of the most interesting events of my life in Constantinople was connected with the marriage of my niece, Bessie Berdan, to Marion Crawford. He had made her acquaintance in America on his return from India; and after the publication of "Mr. Isaacs" and "Dr. Claudius," he resolved to go and seek the girl on whom he had set his heart before he had attained the reputation those books had brought him. He told me how he came to write "Mr. Isaacs." He was in a very depressed frame of mind. Various schemes had failed which he had attempted, and he was down on his luck. One day he was telling his uncle, Mr. Sam Ward (of the torchlight statues in San Francisco), some anecdotes of his East Indian experiences when the old gentleman put a pen into his hand, exclaiming: "Sit down at that table and write it all out"; which he did, and in a short time "Mr. Isaacs" was finished. Mr. Ward took the manuscript to a publisher, who accepted it without hesitation. The first edition was sold out in a few days, his fame was made and a new novelist was given to the English-reading world.

Mr. Crawford arrived in Constantinople most unexpectedly, and immediately commenced to pay court to the young lady. She had already around her a number of admirers. The arrival on the scene of an American of quiet, reserved demeanor did not at first disturb them. At the hour of afternoon tea, when they were wont to assemble, Marion would seat himself on a wood-box near my sister's tea table and devote himself to her and to me, and not attempt to interfere with Bessie's circle. But he would persistently sit them out, and they did not suspect that he often stopped to dinner and thus had ample opportunity to plead his cause. Gradually it began to dawn upon the others that there was a dangerous rival in the field, especially when they heard their several ambassadors assert that he was the cleverest fellow they had met for a long time—when Lord Dufferin took him off in his boat for hours to talk about India, when Mr. de Radowitz sought his opinion of his Tanagra figures, and he was found to be an accomplished yachtsman and athlete. It moved my sense of humor to see their amazement as Marion's various qualities, intellectual and social, revealed themselves, and they had to like and admire him in spite of his rivalry, so that the

day the engagement was announced, like the good fellows they were, they heartily congratulated him while they acknowledged their defeat.

With Mr. Crawford and Pangeris Bey we penetrated into the most obscure quarters of Stamboul. We witnessed that most barbaric and terrible service by which the Persians commemorate the death of Ali. The sight of those fanatics, bleeding from their self-imposed wounds, shouting madly as they rushed past us, made me so faint that I begged the Persian Ambassador, in whose loge we sat, to take me away. "It would be at the cost of your life and mine, Madam, to enter that crowd," he said. So for two hours we watched and listened to the howls and shrieks of the worshippers of the Mohammedan sect to which the Persians belong. In strong contrast to this scene was the solemn and devout service of the Turks at Santa Sophia, at the feast of Ramadan, so vividly described in "Paul Patoff." We stood in the gallery of the grand old Christian temple, now converted into a Turkish mosque, and looked down on to the devout worshippers who, to the number of five thousand, rose and fell on their knees with military precision as the Ulema chanted the prayers. Mr. Craw-

ford has given a most graphic description of the scene in his novel "Paul Patoff"; in fact, the book is full of incidents which actually occurred. Several years after, when my niece went to Constantinople, the old man in the bazaar who figures in the novel brought her a beautiful piece of stuff as a present, which she declined as being too valuable. He said: "Please take, lady, your husband has made my fortune." On the same visit they were passing out of a door in Santa Sophia, when the guide said: "It was from this door that Paul Patoff disappeared"; in fact, they found that Paul Patoff was a guide book to Constantinople. One of the charms of Mr. Crawford's books is that the descriptions of scenery and character are so accurate, for he never lays the scene of a novel in a place unfamiliar to him. During the three months he passed on the Bosphorus that summer, he lived with Pangeris Bey in a little kiosk on the hillside, where he studied the Turkish people and the language; and such progress did he make with the latter, that we were able shortly to dispense with our dragoman when we went to the bazaars and used his services instead.

I got very fond of the old Turks in the bazaars. They were so different from the

Greeks, Armenians and Jews, much more honest and liberal. In fact, there were two whose opinions I always trusted and consulted and some of my best purchases I owe to their good offices. One day I overheard the red-haired guide, whom I employed to show me the way when I first went there, speaking a mongrel sort of Spanish to another, who looked like his brother. I was so surprised that I listened to satisfy myself that my ears did not deceive me and then said to him: "Where did you learn Spanish?" "It is my language," he replied, and then explained that he was a Spanish Jew, descended from a colony which settled at Salonica at the time of the expulsion of the Jews from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella, and who had retained their religion and language while becoming Turkish subjects.

Now I must go back to Buyukdereh, and the wedding which took place on a beautiful morning in October, 1884. A short time before, my niece, Susie Lay, the daughter of my sister Caroline, had arrived, a charming girl of seventeen. Then, early in the morning the bride and groom, General and Mrs. Berdan, Susie Lay and I repaired to the little French Catholic church, where we were met by the

Austrian and German Ambassadors who were the witnesses, and there the Roman Catholic rite was performed. At twelve, the Protestant ceremony took place in the salon of the villa, where orange trees in full bloom were massed against hangings of crimson and gold, loaned to us by our friends in the bazaar to hide the bare walls. At the end of the room the trees were arranged to give a Gothic effect, and there the Protestant rite was performed by the German pastor, in the presence of a most distinguished company. The various nationalities present reminded me of the assemblage on the day of Pentecost. And thus Marion and Bessie were married and left us to go to Sorrento, which has been their home ever since, where he has written his delightful Italian romances and where they have brought up an interesting family.

At present there is a good deal of talk about the emancipation of the Turkish women, and Pierre Loti has written a rather interesting novel on that subject. It was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of a lady who was a genuine "émancipée." She was an Egyptian by birth, married to a Turk. She spoke French very well, had been several times to Europe and had a superficial knowl-

edge of our language and customs. She invited me on one occasion to go to her house in the evening. I went, taking my niece with me. Several men were there who made themselves so much at home and whose behavior was so free that I felt much embarrassed. Finally my good friend Rustem Pasha came in. He looked much surprised when he saw us and whispered to me: "You must not stay here. Get away as soon as possible. Take my carriage if yours is not there." Accordingly, I made my excuses and departed. Rustem explained to me afterwards that Madame H—— had rendered herself *déclassée* among the Turks by her efforts to emancipate her sex; that the Turkish ladies turned their backs on her and that the Sultan highly disapproved of her. She was so ignorant of our customs that she could not distinguish between familiarity and intimacy and allowed the men who came to her house the freedom of the *demi-monde*.

I asked Madame H—— afterwards how she was going to manage her daughters, whom she allowed to go to dancing school at one of the Embassies and to ride, etc., when the time came to put on their jashmaks and live in the harem. She replied she hoped to marry

them to men of advanced ideas, who would give them freedom, adding, "In all new movements there must be martyrs. My children may have to suffer, but the time is coming when we must have our rights, though it may be long before it comes. Progress is slow in Mohammedan countries." After the evening passed at her home, I could not but regret that she had not fallen into better hands for advice and direction, as she had courage and ability and might have done much for her sex; for I suppose there must be many women in the East waiting for an opportunity to claim their freedom.*

So far as I could learn the men showed no desire to emancipate the women. It is against etiquette to speak to a man about his wife, even to ask for her health. I remember on a steamer going down the Sea of Marmora on the way to Brousa, was a distinguished Turk who knew us very well. His wife and children were on board, hidden behind an awning. He would come and talk with us frequently, then return to them, but never alluded to them. At Brousa, where we stayed several

* Freedom has at last come for them. The Turkish women go about the streets unveiled—hold meetings where social and literary matters are discussed and are claiming their rights. (1911).

days, we lived in adjoining houses. He came to see us constantly, after putting his wife and children into a carriage and sending them off to drive. Brousa is a most interesting old Turkish town at the foot of Mount Olympus, untouched by western influence, full of wonderful mosques and should be visited by all travellers. I lunched one day with a Turkish lady and her children. Among the female servants waiting at the table was one, very fair, with golden hair and wearing a great many chains and ornaments. After luncheon I asked my hostess who the servant was who seemed so different from the rest. She replied: "She is a slave of my husband, and the child she waited on is hers," adding, "of course at my husband's table all his children have a right to sit!" These are only some of the many instances I could cite to prove how far apart are the Christian and Moslem points of view, and how unlikely it is that they can ever be reconciled.

Speaking of Brousa recalls a tragic incident that occurred to a son of Macmillan the publisher. He, with one of the Secretaries of the English Embassy, started from Brousa to ascend Mount Olympus. They made the ascent successfully, and on returning Mr. Macmillan

proposed that they should take different roads, and the guide accompanied Mr. Hardinge, while Mr. Macmillan started alone, the descent being easy and the road well defined. On reaching the rendezvous, Mr. Macmillan did not appear. The guide returned to look for him while Mr. Hardinge, the present Viceroy of India (1910), went for the police. The next morning soldiers were sent to patrol the mountains, without success. Orders were sent from the Porte to leave nothing undone to find the young man. Large rewards were offered, but from that day to this not a trace has been found of him. It is supposed that he was robbed and killed by shepherds, who buried him. While I was in the East many English travellers were seized and held for ransom, till finally the English Government made it known that they would pay no more, under any circumstances, and soon the outrages ceased.

In the light of recent events one cannot but regret that the Russians were not allowed to take Constantinople when, after the Russo-Turkish War, they were at its gates. Evil as the Russian rule is, it is better than Turkish. Russia would have been satisfied with the "Warm water port" and a door to the Med-

iterranean. She would not have been forced to turn enviously to the far East, and the Russo-Japanese War might not have taken place. All this might have been if England had obtained possession of Egypt and the Suez Canal ten years earlier. When I was in Constantinople, twenty-five years ago, the wise ones would wag their heads and prophesy that "This rotten government can't last much longer, it is crumbling now."

Since then, the wonderful Turkish revolution has taken place, inspired and carried out by the officers sent to Germany and France to be educated and who there learned not only military tactics but the ideas of political freedom. The Sultan still sits on his throne, and although he has lost the support of England, he has gained that of Germany and still continues to play off the Great Powers against each other to baffle them.

One of the interesting figures in Constantinople was Edgar Vincent, then in the Ottoman Bank, young, about twenty-five, full of energy, talent and executive ability, and as handsome as a Greek god. He was chosen by Lord Dufferin to go to Egypt as financial adviser of the Khedive, and he advised so suc-

cessfully that the Egyptian financiers were relieved from their embarrassments and were started on the road of their present prosperity. Nothing is more noticeable in the modern history of England than the remarkable men she has sent to the far East in her service and in that of the governments she protects. Those I have had the pleasure of knowing, have all been not only able, but gentlemen in the best sense of the word, which cannot be said of all those of other nationalities in corresponding positions.

In the spring of 1885 I left Constantinople, after a residence of three years, feeling that I knew a little something of the place. The only way to know a country is to live in it and know its people. When I see my friends nowadays whizzing through countries in automobiles, seeing nothing of the daily life of the people, knowing nothing of the customs, not speaking the languages and obtaining only a kaleidoscopic view of the scenery, I rejoice that I started my travels on a mule and in a sailing vessel, continued them in carriages and railways, to say nothing of boats, rickshaws and sedan chairs. Now my travels are over; otherwise I am sure I should follow the fashion and run about in an automobile like my

friends and, like them, think I had really seen and enjoyed the various countries I passed through, at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

X

ITALY

1885-1886

FROM Constantinople I went to France and from France to Italy, in the spring of 1885. On reaching Italy I went to Sorrento, to be near my sister, Mrs. Berdan, and Mr. and Mrs. Marion Crawford. We spent the summer together at the Hotel Cocumella, formerly a large convent, where we slept in the cells of the monks and passed our days in the loggias. Aside from my family, we had for companions Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Hulburt. I must speak of this extraordinary man as I knew him, not as the world judged him. Gifted intellectually far beyond the average, with rare acquirements, both literary and artistic, and a vivid memory, a keen sense of humor and readiness of repartee, he made a most delightful companion; and those dinners on the loggias, the Mediterranean at our feet and

Vesuvius smoking in the distance, when he and Mr. Crawford discussed art, literature and politics, still linger in my memory. Under Mr. Hulburt's guidance I visited Pompeii and Salerno. No need of a guide book. Pliny and Horace and Virgil were our guides through our clever countryman: and when I hear him abused and despised, I think of him as I knew him, so kindly, interesting and amusing, and I feel that I must bear my testimony to the man who had so many sides, of which I knew the best.

It was at Sorrento, not long after, that Marion Crawford bought and remodelled the beautiful villa where he has written his best novels, and where every room shows the marks of his taste. There he died, in 1909, and there his widow, my dear niece Bessie Crawford, and her children now live.

I passed the winter of 1885-1886 in Florence. I had a pleasant apartment in the Via Montebello, and, by the aid of a few letters of introduction, was soon launched into Florentine society. My dear friend, Mrs. Woodworth, was there and we revived the happy intimacy of former days.

One of the most interesting acquaintances I made in Florence was that of the Dowager

Duchess of Sermoneta, née Ellis, and widow of the "blind Duke," the only Roman Prince who supported Victor Emanuel and the cause of United Italy. The Duke was a man of high literary attainments, a Dante scholar, and a connoisseur in Italian antiquities. His descendants are to-day among the most prominent of the great Roman nobility who are identified with the progress of the country.

My friend, the Duchess, was an Englishwoman, granddaughter of a Duke of Portland, and very rich in her own right. She lived in a dingy old palace stuffed with Italian antiquities of every sort, but all interesting and good. One evening, after dinner, I asked her if she would show me her laces. She rang the bell, and told the footman to bring the box of laces. I naturally expected to see him return with a paper box in his hand; instead, two men staggered in under the weight of a huge carved "cassone," with an iron key a foot long. We were four hours examining the laces. I asked her how she came to make such a collection. She replied: "My aunt gave me a thousand pounds for my trousseau. My husband was blind and would not appreciate lingerie, so I thought I would spend it in collecting lace." There were priests' garments of

Venise and Spanish point, flounces and collars of Flanders and Holland, some remarkable specimens of the earliest French lace, made at the time Colbert introduced the manufacture into France, Point d'Angleterre such as I have never seen since, specimens of English lace of every period; and I remember even now the beauty of a jabot which might have belonged to a Lauzun or a Hamilton. The old embroideries were wonderful: from the Greek Isles and from Venice, from Sicilian and Spanish convents and churches, and there was a baby's layette of Point de Venise! The Duchess is dead. I wonder who has inherited the laces, the jewels, the rare old carvings, the pictures and prints, tapestries and books. I presume they have all gone to England, that storehouse of Europe.

XI

THE HOLY LAND

APRIL, 1895

ONE of the greatest disappointments of my travels was my trip to Palestine. The landing at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, was ludicrous and might have been tragic. I had never been warned that it was a dangerous port; in fact, no port at all. The sea was rough that morning, but I am so little accustomed to regard the weather at sea that it did not occur to me to look into the method of our landing. The steamer anchored, and I went on deck with my friend, Mrs. Osborn, to disembark. I saw the dragoman speak to her. He took her wrap, she rose and went to the gangway and, as I supposed, walked down the ladder to the boat. The dragoman returned and said: "Lady, will you come?" I followed, and as I reached the gangway I was lifted bodily by

a stout sailor and thrown like a bundle into the arms of a sailor standing in the boat below! I must have passed at least ten feet through the air, and when I recovered from my surprise and my rage, I found my dear friend sitting in the stern, in the attitude and act of prayer. A stout Greek followed me in the same way, while his sea-sick wife shouted and howled with fright. Shortly the bags and baggage were pitched down, as we were, and then we started for the shore. It was a perilous passage between rocks and shoals, and when we landed we were assailed by the Arabs, who so quarrelled and shouted over us and our possessions, that my nerves gave way and I burst into tears, the first time in all my travels and adventures that I ever remember losing my self-control. The trip through the Holy Land was one long disillusion. The Turkish soldiers protecting the Holy Sepulchre against the quarrels of the Greeks, Armenians and Catholics, the impostures of the so-called Holy Places, the beggars, the lepers, the dirty pilgrims, the terrible roar, the wretched ruins, the impossibility of enjoying any spot about Jerusalem in the peace one longs for, sanctified as it is by religious associations, made my visit to Jerusalem a source of deep regret.

Nazareth and Mount Carmel were more satisfactory, the hillsides untouched since our Saviour and his disciples wandered over them. The good monks at Mount Carmel offered us the hospitality which they have extended to strangers ever since the days of His Crusaders; and it was here, on these hills, that sweet Alice Oliphant was carried to her last home on the shoulders of the simple people who adored her. The thrilling story of her life has been told by an abler pen than mine, but I cannot refrain from giving my testimony to the charms of one of the most interesting women I ever met, so gentle, exquisite and refined, reared by a remarkable mother in the highest circles of English life.

When I first knew Mrs. Oliphant she had relinquished all to follow the fortunes of her extraordinary husband, Laurence Oliphant. He took her to Brockton, a community in western New York, where his mother, Lady Oliphant, had preceded them. They attributed to Harris, the head of the community, supernatural powers, and under his direction, Lady Oliphant, Laurence and Alice went through a sort of ascetic probation in order to fit themselves, as they thought, for the better uplifting of humanity, enduring hard-

ships of all sorts, and doing menial work. Finally their eyes were opened as to the personal character of Mr. Harris and they left him and founded, as I have said, a settlement of their own in Haifa, in Syria, where the loving and beloved Alice Oliphant passed away.

XII

SOUTHERN TRIP

OCTOBER, 1895

IT was during the first year of the Harrison administration, while I was visiting Vice-President and Mrs. Morton at their beautiful country place on the Hudson, that I renewed my acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Morris K. Jesup. In the course of conversation, Mrs. Jesup asked me to make her a visit at Bar Harbor. I accepted, and this apparently slight event brought a new and great interest into my life.

It is unnecessary for me to describe Mount Desert Island, the "Blessed Island" I learned to call it, for some of my happiest hours, during the last twenty years, have been passed there in the hospitable home of those who became my dear and most intimate friends. Mr. Jesup—alas! he has gone now—was, in some respects, the most remarkable man I ever met. He combined the practical sterling qualities of

the best New England blood, with the temperament of the poet and idealist. I have never known anyone who could be so easily moved to compassion, and who could also show such fiery indignation. He was naturally melancholic, and yet his laugh, at times, was as boisterous as a boy's. He loved poetry, music and pictures; his house was the centre of the most gracious hospitality, and all interests, civic, philanthropic and scientific, found a welcome there.

His wife, whom he married when they were both very young, was handsome, tall and graceful, with a most charming disposition and gracious manners, and their mutual attachment was beautiful to witness. She was always his first thought. I have often asked her if she realized how blessed she was in inspiring and holding, for fifty years, an affection so absolute and devoted. He showed his confidence in her ability by leaving her the absolute control of his large fortune, and she shows that she deserved the trust, for she is administering it wisely.

It is to this delightful couple that I owe very many happy summers in Bar Harbor and Lenox, where I was welcome at all times, and where I met the choicest society in this

country. Before Mr. Jesup died, he gave me the charming cottage in Bar Harbor, in which I am writing these lines, because, as he said, he wished me always to live near his wife. The shadow of death was then approaching; he died the following year, in 1908. I shall never cease to mourn his loss.

One of Mr. Jesup's greatest interests was the education of the colored race, and he was Treasurer of the Slater Fund, founded for that object. While talking with me on this subject, during one of my visits to Lenox, he suddenly exclaimed: "I wish you would take a trip South, and look about you and tell me what you think could best be done for the colored people." The proposition startled me, and I was not disposed to treat it seriously, but after I went to bed it pursued me. I fancied I heard my father's voice telling me it was my duty to go, for he always impressed upon his children that they should never shirk an opportunity of doing good. I told Mr. Jesup the next morning that I would do as he wished, if I could induce my friend, Mrs. Hopkins, of Washington, to accompany me. Before I give an account of my journey, I must say something of the lady I had chosen of all others to be my companion.

Charlotte Everett Hopkins is such an interesting character that I fear I shall not do her justice by any description I may give of her. Her father was Captain Henry A. Wise, of the Navy, a native of Virginia who remained faithful to the flag during the Civil War, when his loyalty was severely tried by his being sent to Norfolk to sink the Cumberland and other ships, to save them from destruction by the Merrimac. He was a fine officer, and a fine gentleman, in the old-fashioned sense of the word. He was celebrated for his wit, and his wife was wont to say that it was a great sacrifice for her to go out to dinner, as she thus lost the society of the most agreeable man in Washington. As for Mrs. Wise, she was a personage who was never forgotten by anyone who had ever met her. She was the daughter of Edward Everett, was brought up in New England, residing later in Florence and Paris until, in 1841, she went to England, where her father was Minister, making her *début* in society there. Such was her wit, her humor, her good sense, her *bonhomie*, her hospitality, that she was loved by everyone. With such an inheritance, my friend Charlotte could hardly fail to be an exceptional character. She married Mr. Archibald Hopkins, a well-

known lawyer of Washington, and, during the latter part of the Civil War, Colonel of the 37th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. Mr. Hopkins is a son of the celebrated author and teacher, President Hopkins, of Williams College, and, for many years, President of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

I have always thought that my friend Charlotte is about the best company I know, gifted with extreme intelligence, the keenest sense of humor, and great dramatic power in description, she is at the same time deeply sympathetic with all forms of suffering, and self-sacrificing to an extent I have never seen equalled; in fact, I often tell her that "her philanthropy is almost a vice." She has been foremost in all the charitable enterprises in Washington, and has such a gift in addressing an audience that she is sought for on many occasions. Of course, with such a nature, the cause of the negro was sure to appeal, especially as she and her husband had been friends of General Armstrong, the founder of Hampton, so she cordially accepted my invitation to accompany me on my southern trip.

We started on our journey sixteen years ago, October 1, 1895. Mr. Jesup had charged us not to go as missionaries, but to take our

smart clothes, and letters of introduction to the best people, as he wished us to get at their views as well as that of others, in regard to the negro question. We were also to see the negroes of all classes and judge of the conditions of rural life, and to visit not only Slater Fund schools but others as well. It was a large order, but we were full of enthusiasm and not afraid. The result showed that we needed to be both fearless and enthusiastic. So, provided with letters to the schools and to "the first families," we started for Hampton, where we were to get our "carte du pays."

It is unnecessary for me to describe Hampton, the model negro industrial school in the country, whence colored teachers have gone out through the whole South, and where Booker Washington received his inspiration and education. While we were there, a man who had fought in all the battles on the Peninsula under McClellan, drove us through the country and explained scenes and incidents of the various engagements, bringing us out finally at Yorktown, where we saw the noble monument erected to mark the scene of the final act of the Revolution, when Cornwallis surrendered his sword to Washington. Every inch of that drive was over historic ground,

where thousands of our countrymen had shed their blood in the cause of liberty. From there we crossed the bay to Norfolk, escorted by Captain Moton, a teacher at Hampton, who told us that his ancestor was an African prince who, while bringing some of his own subjects to a slaver, was detained on board the vessel until after she got to sea, and was sold with his people. Moton is the military commander of the scholars at Hampton, a strict disciplinarian, a remarkable speaker and one of the leaders of his race.

We stopped in Norfolk one night only, as we were anxious to reach Lawrenceville, the first stage of our journey. We were told there were two hotels in Lawrenceville, and we chose the one whose name sounded the more attractive. We found a rather large, dilapidated two-story house, with an addition extending from the main building, and it was to two rooms in this annex that our host, a tall, lanky, unkempt, shabbily-dressed man, conducted us. While Mrs. Hopkins, who had already assumed the position of room investigator, had enlisted the services of a bedraggled looking negress with broom and pail, I entered into conversation with our host, who seated himself in a social attitude on the rail of the

veranda. I inquired about a sinister-looking building across the street. "Oh! that's the jail we lock the niggers in at night, and work them during the day." "Are they securely locked up and watched during the night?" I inquired, for they seemed to me dangerously near. "Oh! they try to break out now and then; there ain't more than half a dozen there now." Mrs. Hopkins, who overheard the conversation, commenced to examine the locks of our doors, and whispered: "There is not even a latch that will hold."

I next inquired about a colored school in the neighborhood we had come to see, kept by Archdeacon Russell. "Oh, yes," he replied, "it's a good school; whenever I want a job done I send to Russell and his boys come and do it. Russell is a first-rate nigger, but then his father was a high-toned southern gentleman."

We were then called to supper by a refined, delicate young woman of a pure English type, looking worn out with hard work and poor food, who proved to be our landlady. We sat down to table with some rough-looking but good-natured men who, we learned by their conversation, were drummers—a class we met frequently afterwards, and found at times very amusing.

Archdeacon Russell's school, in Virginia, was the first among the many which have been founded after the example of Hampton through the South, and which have done good service in the education of the colored race. I learned there, to my surprise, that all the scholars paid for their board and clothing, and judging from the good trunks outside their doors, the latter seemed ample. The parents of these girls and boys were evidently industrious people who were anxious for the education of their children. We attended the classes and the lessons seemed well learned, judging by the prompt and intelligent answers. The school seemed not only admirably conducted but financially strong.

We passed through the dreaded perils of the night safely, and at 6 A. M. were in the dining room for breakfast. As for the breakfast—it was our first experience of southern hotel cooking. Well! I made up my mind then that cooking schools were of the first importance in the South. We next proceeded to the town of Emporia, more dilapidated and broken down, if possible, than Lawrenceville. The white men were sitting on the fences in the sun, rather silent, chewing tobacco; the whole place seemed asleep, buried in dirt and dust, and

piles of old tomato cans filled the gutters. I tried to do a little missionary work for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals by remonstrating with the proprietor of a so-called livery stable on his neglect of a splendid donkey, of the fine Sardinian breed, covered with filth and vermin. I could not convince him that he was not only ruining the animal, but his own interests as well.

So far we had been more impressed with the degraded condition of the whites than of the blacks in these small towns. Whatever work was done, was done by the negroes, while the whites were idle, dirty and offensive in appearance. The fences were broken down, the houses dilapidated, piles of refuse filled the streets; and as for gardens, or any kind of cultivation, they did not exist. All these conditions in that lovely climate where, in October, there had as yet been no frost, and nature seemed only waiting for the hand of man to bestow her bounties upon him. As yet the only white woman we had seen was the sad-looking landlady at Lawrenceville.

At Emporia we took the train for Kittrell, North Carolina, where there was a good summer hotel, we had been told, and where we could pass Sunday and visit Mr. Hawkins'

school (of the American Methodist Episcopal Church), considered quite a model. The train went along in a leisurely way, and, after about an hour's trip in company with our friends the drummers, who could not conceal their curiosity about us, we found ourselves on the platform of the station at Kittrell. Mrs. Hopkins called a boy who was standing by to take our luggage to the hotel. "Hotel burned down last week, marm." As we had been told that there would be no train till Monday morning, she accosted a good-looking colored man standing near and asked him where we could find lodgings in the town, adding that we had come to see Mr. Hawkins' school.

"I am Mr. Hawkins, madam; there is no town here and no other hotel, but I shall be very glad if you will accept my hospitality."

I was standing at a little distance watching the colloquy. Mrs. Hopkins came to me with an amused look in her face, but command in her voice, and said: "There is nothing for us but the open fields or Mr. Hawkins' house until Monday morning."

I bowed, and we were soon in Mr. Hawkins' wagon driving to his house, situated in a beautiful grove of oaks and pines with several large school buildings near by. The house was the

ordinary two-story village house, with a veranda. As we approached, the door was opened by a tall, fine-looking mulatto woman, to whom Mr. Hawkins said: "My dear, these ladies have kindly consented to pass Sunday with us."

Without any expression of surprise, she said, with a smile: "Won't you walk in, ladies?" and led us into a parlor comfortably and tastefully furnished, a harmonium on one side, a book-case on the other, and a bright fire burning in the fire-place. It was the sort of pleasant room one might find in any New England village. After sitting a few minutes, Mrs. Hawkins suggested that, as it was Saturday and the schools closed early, it might be well if we went to see them at once. We recognized the housekeeper's desire to dispose of us for a while, until she could make some arrangements for her unexpected guests, so we cordially expressed our willingness to go to see the schools. We found them modelled after Hampton, the arrangements of the simplest kind, but very practical and scrupulously neat. 'Twas refreshing to see such neatness after our recent experiences. All the work was done by the scholars: the boys working on the farm and in the stable, caring for the cattle, poultry

and pigs, while the girls did the housework. They all looked healthy and happy.

In due time we returned to the house to find our hostess ready to receive us; she ushered us into a bedroom furnished with every comfort, even to the luxury of cologne in pretty bottles, the best of scented soap, an abundance of towels, and a can of hot water by the side of the fire which was crackling on the brass andirons. At the same time there was an atmosphere of occupancy which convinced us that it was Mrs. Hawkins' bedroom hastily arranged. Shortly supper was announced and we went into the parlor, to be introduced to Mrs. Hawkins' father and mother from North Dakota. We all proceeded to the dining room, and found a good, well-cooked meal on the table, and a pretty tea equipage in front of Mrs. Hawkins. Our hosts seemed perfectly unconscious that they were doing anything unusual in entertaining white people, and our only desire was to be as simple and unconscious as they were. After a while the feeling of awkwardness on our part wore off, and we found ourselves talking with them as if they were old acquaintances. As for Mrs. Hopkins, she rose to the occasion in her own inimitable manner. 'Twas a scene I shall never forget.

Mrs. Hawkins' father was a mulatto, from Martinique, with evidently a strong strain of French blood, tall and handsome; her mother was half Mexican, and looked Spanish; they were both free born, and had gone to North Dakota to settle, as they said, away from the traditions of slavery. There they had brought up their daughter, except when she went to the Conservatory of Music in Boston; and I discovered afterwards that she sang like a bird.

After supper we all sat together around the fire, till late into the night, and they told us their histories, and their hopes and fears for the future. They showed pride and self-respect. Mrs. Hawkins was the only one who seemed to feel any bitterness; she had evidently suffered in Boston, and was less hopeful for her race than the rest. Mr. Hawkins, who had a most attractive personality, expressed an earnest conviction that his people were on the right road to becoming good citizens; "only give us time," he exclaimed. We touched on the delicate question of social equality. "We don't want it," they all said, "if the white men would only leave our girls alone. Let us revert to our original color; let the men grow strong and the women virtuous,

then give us education, and we can hold our own. Hampton statistics show that the pure blacks make as intelligent men and women as those of mixed race." It was curious to sit there and hear these people, all mulattoes, defend the rights of the pure-blooded negro, and rank themselves with them rather than with the race to which their grandfathers or fathers had belonged. I never met anyone afterwards so strong in the expression of these views; but everywhere we encountered the deep feeling, still existent, of resentment against that phase of the slavery system which permitted the separation of families, the sale of husbands from wives, the non-recognition of the marriage tie and the consequent immorality.

The next morning we attended a service called "devotion." As Mr. Hawkins was not a clergyman, he made that distinction between the church service and his. We found all the boys and girls assembled when we went in, and Mrs. Hopkins and I were given seats on the platform. I was much interested in watching the expression of the dark shining faces. After prayer, reading of the Bible and singing, Mr. Hawkins turned to me and said: "Mrs. Hobson, will you address the school?" I was

startled by the sudden suggestion, having had no experience in public speaking and begged him to excuse me. "Oh, but they will be so disappointed," he whispered.

As he spoke, my eyes rested on a large map of the Holy Land. I had been there recently, and the outlines were so familiar that I exclaimed: "Children, would you like to hear something about the Holy Land?" All hands went up, and I commenced at Jaffa and then led them through the country. The sight of their upturned faces and their responsive expression, as I described the incidents of the journey in a country they were familiar with through the Bible, so inspired me that I really enjoyed it, and realized, for the first time, the influence an audience must have on a speaker. When I had finished, Mrs. Hopkins gave them an interesting account of General Armstrong's career. Lincoln and Armstrong are the two heroes of the colored race, and their pictures hang in every school.

On our return to the house, we found the party had been increased by the arrival of Mr. Hawkins' father and mother. A sad-looking, broken-down old couple, who had been slaves on the very land now owned by their son, and where he had built his cottage

and his schools. The contrast between the free-born negroes from North Dakota and the slaves of the Virginia plantation told the story of freedom and slavery with a pathos no words can describe. Mrs. Hawkins' parents showed no consciousness of inferiority—they were simply natural—but the ex-slaves were shy and timid. After dinner, when they seemed disturbed by our presence, I lured the old woman to the sunny side of the veranda and explained to her the object of our visit, and drew her out about herself and the past. She had been born on the land where we sat; she had had thirteen children, of whom Mr. Hawkins, the youngest, was the only one left. The rest, she said, had died or had been sold away. She never had any chance to take care of her children as, being a field hand, she had to work, and she showed me the deep welts in her legs from the lash. She was not bitter; she was only sad, a broken-down old woman, whose only source of happiness now was in her son, and he fully deserved the loving pride she felt for him. Her husband said little; he too looked sad and worn out. So far we had not encountered the amusing, humorous characters we had read of in the southern books. Our friends all took life much too seriously to joke.

In answer to our inquiries, we were told that the boys and girls in the schools found plenty of occupation as soon as they left, the boys in practising the trades they had learned; and the girls married the boys, and their training told in their homes. They also try to buy land, and in the vicinity we saw many acres under the cultivation of Mr. Hawkins' boys.

We left on Monday morning, deeply impressed with our experience of the life and struggles of the best class of negroes to uplift and help their race. We could not have had a better opportunity to obtain the information we sought—the real condition of the people, their attitude towards the whites, their own views of their present position, and their hopes for the future. This experience was of great use to us in forming our subsequent conclusions.

I shall not enter into a minute detail of all the places we visited, but simply give some anecdotes significant of the conditions we met, and the incidents which served to enliven our trip. It was very hard travelling, through a country not yet recovered from the ravages of the war, and which had not then felt the touch of prosperity which has since reached it.

Our next stopping place was Raleigh, where

I had some relatives I had never seen ; but with true southern hospitality I had only to call and send in my name to be received most cordially as "Cousin Elizabeth." We soon found they would have no sympathy with the object of our trip. They spoke of the negroes *en masse* as dirty, lazy, insubordinate, and hopeless, "so different from those of former days when they made the best servants in the world."

My pretty young cousin told of her recent experience at Harvard, where she went to see her brother graduate.

"Think of it," she exclaimed, "negroes are received in the classes there. I went to the ball and there I saw a negro dressed like a gentleman. Of course I left immediately."

From Raleigh we went to Charlotte. While there we inquired about a University we had been asked by a friend in New York to investigate. A short drive brought us to a shabby old house, the door of which was opened by a gray-haired negro, in a long, gray Confederate army coat. He proved to be the President of the University. He asked us into a room, filled with harmoniums of different sizes, and a large table in the centre was piled high with Bibles. The President told us that the classes were hardly

formed yet for the winter course, but acknowledged that one was then in session. We urged the privilege so strongly to be allowed to see the scholars that, with evident reluctance, he led us into the yard, thence into a barn, where on some boards resting on boxes, about twenty bare-footed children were being taught the primer by the President's wife, and that was the "University" to which my friend and her mother had been contributing for many years. I need hardly say that the contributions ceased after our report.

From Charlotte we drove through cotton fields to Columbia, South Carolina, where we had a most interesting and amusing experience. With difficulty, we obtained one room in the large old-fashioned hotel, the place being crowded with men who, as we learned later, had come from all parts of the State to attend the Constitutional Convention. The condition of the room assigned to us was so unattractive, indeed I may say disgusting, that Mrs. Hopkins proposed to go and deliver a letter of introduction we had to a lady from the North, in the hope that she might offer us a night's lodging. Meanwhile, I was to remain at the hotel, keep our room and guard our luggage. My curiosity led me

into the hall to look at the crowd, composed of stalwart, shabbily-dressed men, all of whom had a certain air of breeding and a look of command. A man with one arm stood near me and, in spite of the fact that he was vigorously chewing tobacco, he had such a pleasant, friendly expression, that I could not resist the temptation to accost him and inquire the business of the great crowd. He told me they were members of the Constitutional Convention, and then he asked me, "If I were one of the suffrage ladies?"

"Oh! no," I replied, "but I would like very much to attend one of your meetings."

"Well," said he, "to-night it will be interesting, because we are going to settle the nigger question, whether they shall have the vote or not. I will get you a seat if you are at the door at eight o'clock."

Just then Mrs. Hopkins appeared, unable to disguise her astonishment at seeing me, as she said, "flirting with that disreputable looking man." I whispered that he was a southern Colonel, and most civil and gallant, and that I was certainly going to the Convention under his wing. Mrs. Hopkins brought the good news that the lady from the North invited us most cordially to stop with her; so, after receiv-

ing my Colonel's card, I bade him good-bye until the evening, and accompanied Mrs. Hopkins to the house of Mrs. B——. On showing the card to her husband, he said: "You are in luck, the Colonel is one of the most prominent men in the Convention. Go by all means; I will take you to the door." We found that Mr. B—— had been sent to the South during the Reconstruction period; I fancy the Southerners would have called him a "carpet-bagger," but he was a well-bred, intelligent man, occupying the difficult position of a Republican official in a southern state. His wife was much interested in the negro conditions, especially in the mulatto girls, and told us many anecdotes of the difficulties of their lives. The sum of her conclusions was that they should have an education which would teach them thrift and that labor was honorable, the influence of slavery having been the reverse, as its stigma had cast a shadow over all industry.

At eight o'clock we were at the door of the State House, a fine granite building, with balls of Sherman's artillery firmly imbedded in its walls. My friend, the Colonel, who was waiting for us, led us into the hall and gave us a seat in the midst of a group of other Colonels, to whom we were introduced. I found the

subject under discussion was negro suffrage, and after listening to several fiery speeches, I ventured to suggest to my neighbors that the question might be settled by the test of illiteracy.

"But that would disfranchise 15,000 whites who fought for the Confederacy," exclaimed one of the Colonels.

"But, after all," I replied, "you white men can always maintain control over the negroes."

"Do you see that group over there?" he replied, pointing to several negroes sitting together. "Those men are natural orators; they can lead their people where they choose. No, we must find a way to disfranchise them, or they will rule us."

We waited some time in the hope of hearing the colored orators, but they made no attempt to speak, merely sat calmly listening to abuse by their opponents, biding their time. Some years after, when I heard Booker Washington speak, I recalled that scene in the Convention and I thought they had not waited in vain. Our friend, the Colonel, told us afterwards that one of those negroes had been so successful in business, that he had bought his old master's plantation, and gave his former

mistress the use of the house and grounds which were her only means of support.

We left Columbia the next day for Charleston, feeling that we had learned a great deal from our friends, the Colonel and our hosts, on both sides of the great question.

We went to the best hotel in Charleston, delivered our letters of introduction to the first families, and awaited the result. We had been told at Hampton to go to a certain drug store, kept by a negro, who would put us in the way of seeing the leading negroes of the city. This we also did, and made an appointment with the druggist for the following evening. On our return to the hotel we found cards of invitation to dinner and supper, in response to our letters of introduction.

The first house we visited was on the beautiful esplanade by the sea, and was a most attractive residence, occupied by charming people, who gave us a most cordial welcome. I never saw Mrs. Hopkins more brilliant than she was that evening, and the whole party listened with delight to her anecdotes and witty repartee. I overheard one of the guests whisper to our hostess: "What brings them here?" "Niggers!" she replied.

So we were found out; I suppose through

some words in our letters of introduction, but nevertheless they were mystified; the anti-slavery ladies and missionary teachers they had seen did not wear velvet and point-lace, and did not put up at the best hotel. Finally, curiosity impelled them to lead up to the subject. We said little or nothing, as we desired to hear their point of view without argument. They regarded the free negro as hopeless; he would never work without the stimulus of the lash, and all the money spent by the North on his education was so much thrown away. Everywhere we heard the same sentiments, and we did not meet a single person in that society who had taken the trouble to investigate the question in order to verify his opinion. We visited other aristocratic families on the esplanade, who showed us their beautiful family relics, and who charmed us by their genial manners and conversation. The men were handsome and agreeable, with manners like Englishmen of the early Victorian days. Those Charleston men were of a different type from the Columbia Colonels. They were of the governing class of the days before the Civil War; and, disdaining to touch politics now, they stand aloof, like the Frenchmen of the Faubourg St. Germain—

and Tillman represents South Carolina in Congress!

The next morning we asked the head waiter, a most portly and dignified colored man, to get us a carriage, and were much surprised at the smart victoria and liveried coachman which awaited us, and remarking upon it to him: "Nothing is too good for such ladies as you," he said, with a profound bow; and then we saw that he too had found us out.

Upon the druggist's invitation, we went to a meeting of negroes in a church. Among them were clergymen of different denominations, cotton-factors, doctors, lawyers, and tradesmen. They all spoke hopefully of their prospects, were not discouraged, and were convinced they were working their way up to the light. One of them said: "The doctors are very anxious to have a hospital of their own, for although colored patients are received at the hospitals, colored doctors are not allowed to attend them." These doctors all held diplomas from Northern colleges.* We were much impressed with the intelligence of those

* When, later, the much-wished-for colored hospital had been established, some of the colored people in Washington, to whom we spoke of it, wished so much to help that, for two years, they paid the interest of the mortgage on the hospital.

men, and their calmness in discussing their difficulties and the opposition they encountered. We left the meeting in a pouring rain for the station. The driver gave his horses in charge of a friend and insisted upon carrying our bags and seeing us safely on the train. He said, as he gave us in charge of the Pullman porter: "John, take good care of these ladies, for they are angels." John had never heard of the dispute in New York when the clergy had decided that angels were men, not women.

The South! how much that one word represents of heroism and patriotism, pride and prejudice, love and hate! In spite of all assertions to the contrary, my intimate acquaintance with so many southern women forces me to assert that I have never known one, old enough to have lived through the Civil War, and who had therefore received the impress of that awful struggle, who was really reconstructed. Strive as they may, the iron entered into their souls then, and although they are now loyal to the flag, they can never forgive their conquerors, or be reconciled to the change. Then there is the eternal problem of the negro. I have talked with my friends by the hour, trying to convince them that the only hope for the South was in the education of

the negro, to make him an industrious, self-respecting citizen. The southern leaders are now recognizing this, and are appropriating large sums for that object; but their hearts are not in it and I am convinced that if, by vote, they could dispatch every negro man, woman and child to Africa, they would do so. The negroes are aware of this feeling, and one of them said to me: "We are Americans as much as you are; our ancestors came over at the same time and here we shall stay." The racial antipathy is especially strong among the southern women, although they never cease to insist upon their love for their "mammys" and the devotion of their slaves. Their view is that freedom has ruined the negro, made him lazy, impertinent and lawless, and that education, except on the simplest industrial lines, is fatal to him. "Of course they must be taught to work, but higher education, never!" When I argue with them that a race is worthy of respect who in forty-five years has raised itself from slavery, with all the degradation the word implies, to become owners of property, managers of banks of their own, and who are practising the learned professions among their people, I meet with incredulity, or with indignant protests against

raising such people "out of the sphere in which God has placed them!"

Since those days of 1895, sixteen years ago, there has been, I am happy to say, a great change in public opinion in the South in regard to the negro. The important educational work of the Slater and the Rockefeller Funds has gained sympathy and co-operation from the best white element in the South, and the future is full of hope.

From Charleston to Savannah, stopping at Montgomery to see a remarkably good school, in charge of two northern ladies, and on to Atlanta, where we passed a most interesting morning visiting the Spellman Institute, an industrial school for colored girls, established by the Baptists, and chiefly sustained by the benevolence of Mr. Rockefeller. I have never seen anywhere a more beautifully conducted institution, managed by a very remarkable woman whose intelligence and character greatly impressed me. Every branch of domestic science was taught, and there was a small hospital where nurses were trained. I remarked to the principal that I presumed there was no difficulty in finding good places for her girls in Atlanta. "I do not encourage my girls to go into service in Atlanta," she said. "I want my girls to marry

early and make nice homes, and thus save the young men and themselves." She added that the custom at the South of sending the servants out to sleep was very demoralizing. The negro quarters are generally at a distance from the residence of the whites (in fact in many of the towns of the South the negroes cannot own or rent a house in the white quarter), and the young women are thus exposed to many temptations to which white servants are not liable. This, she said, explains why the southern ladies complain that colored women are lazy and difficult to manage, for the freedom engendered by going home every night has naturally an attraction for them, as they are social and pleasure-loving and are not willing to forego their nocturnal liberty. Of course the custom is subversive of all household discipline, and I learned that after six o'clock one could rarely find a servant in any house except perhaps a nurse, or an old woman who had her lodging provided. The conversations we had with the white residents of Atlanta corresponded with those at Charleston, evincing utter lack of sympathy with the colored people.

From Atlanta we went to Tuskegee, taking the New Orleans Express, which we were to

leave at a junction where Booker Washington had written that an engine with a car would be waiting for us. Our train was late, and about midnight we began to be anxious lest we should find ourselves left on a platform in a raw October night with no prospect of shelter. We expressed our fears to the conductor. "Did Washington say the car would be there?" he asked; "because, if he did, you needn't worry, he'll see to it. I'll hold up my own train and pass you over safely." And so he did. After a trip of about half an hour, when we seemed to be climbing a mountain, we were bundled into a big wagon filled with negroes, who sang songs and told stories for upwards of an hour.

When we finally reached our destination, at 2 A. M., thoroughly worn out, Mrs. Washington received us and took us to our room. I was grateful to see a bright fire, and to seek the comfort of a bed. We slept the sleep of weary travellers, awoke the next morning much refreshed, and prepared ourselves to meet Mr. and Mrs. Washington at breakfast. As soon as the meal was over, we started on our study of this remarkable institution. It was like being in the heart of Africa; there was only one white person there, a teacher from the

North, a temporary appointment to teach some new industry.

It is unnecessary for me to enter into details of what we saw at that time, when all was in its infancy; but even then the plan was clearly defined in the mind of its projector, and as he told us of all he proposed to do, his eye would kindle, and his wonderful voice would tremble with the emotion his hopes inspired. No one could resist the influence of that marvellous personality, or fail to share his enthusiasm. Every teacher, every scholar seemed alert; activity, industry, earnestness, filled the air; "to work for our race," was the keynote of the life of Tuskegee. And, during the years that have passed since then, the education of those young men and women who have gone out into the world, has justified the hopes of its founder, as revealed by the recent census, absolutely contradicting the pessimistic views of those who despair of the negro race.

Tuskegee is the child of Hampton, and the two institutions were founded by two of the most remarkable men whom our country has produced since the Civil War—one the son of a missionary, born in the Sandwich Islands; the other the son of a slave.

During all our investigations, the details of

which I need not recount here, we had not yet reached the people we had come to seek, the "low downs" as they were called. On explaining this to Mrs. Washington, she sent into the country and brought into a meeting a number of old men and women, ex-slaves, and, under her influence, they talked to us frankly. They showed no bitterness towards the past; they were worn out and tired; they expected nothing of life but meagre food and lodging and the grave, but they were full of hope for their descendants. Tuskegee had shown them what they could do, and their simple faith and confidence in the future of their race moved us deeply. What they all wanted now were plenty of public schools in the country, where the children would learn not only to read and write but the simple industries that were taught on the plantation before the war, and which seemed to have been absolutely forgotten during the thirty years of freedom. The schools at present are few and far between, and open only three or four months of the year.

We felt we had touched the great need at last—good rural schools and plenty of them, and instruction in all the simple arts of life. Mr. Washington told us of a woman, a Hampton graduate, he had sent to a place about

twenty miles distant to open such a school, and advised us to visit it. So, after a three days' visit at Tuskegee, we started in an open wagon, with a negro boy sitting on the shafts to drive us, through the cotton fields to Mount Meigs.

It was a beautiful October day, the men, women and children in the cotton fields were singing as they worked. It did not occur to us to be afraid, though we were driving through the so-called "black belt" and did not see a single white person during the day. At last, after a most interesting drive of several hours, we reached a small cottage near an old meeting house, which was Mount Meigs, the place we had come to visit. The teacher, Georgia Washington, a large, fine-looking colored woman, and her two assistants welcomed us cordially and led us into the cottage, which was scrupulously clean but bare of all but the simplest necessities of life. Two beds, two chairs, some packing boxes which had been made into tables and drawers, with a stove and some cooking utensils, composed the sole furniture of the place. The old meeting house was the schoolhouse; the glass was out of the windows; the floors were unsteady, and the children's seats were made of boards supported

on barrels. A map of the United States, some pictures and a portrait of Lincoln hung on the walls, and a pile of old school books, sent by some friend from the North, composed the library. To this struggling attempt at a school, about one hundred and fifty bare-footed children walked daily from one to three miles, bringing with them cornmeal, eggs and chickens to pay for their schooling and the support of the teacher. The State paid the head teacher twenty dollars a month for three months; the other teachers received a small stipend from the North, begged by Georgia during the vacations. It was too late in the afternoon to see the school, as the children had gone; but it was not necessary to see them to see the school. It was only necessary to look at the teachers, and to hear their cheerful, hopeful voices, to realize the spirit they inspired and which brought the little darkies miles through the cotton fields to learn their A, B, C's. We sat in the sunshine that lovely October afternoon and listened, with moistened eyes, to the story of the struggle for existence of that little school. It taught us our lesson, that we must go to the "low downs"; they must be taught to rise.

We found our hostess had literally nothing

in the house to eat except bread and coffee, until the Monday morning when the children would bring their contributions. Fortunately we had a small provision in our valises (our smart clothes had been sent home from Savannah), which we brought out, and we thus had the pleasure of giving our hostesses a comfortable evening meal. Then, by the light of the moon, convoyed by the teachers, and with a boy to carry our missionary luggage, we walked about two miles along a narrow path, out through the dense growth of a cotton field to a small station, where the New Orleans Express could be flagged to stop and take us to Mobile. On the platform stood an old gray-haired negro who, with the good manners of the past, bowed profoundly as he was introduced to us as "our Trustee."

"I hope you take good care of these good women," I said. "I do my best, madam," he replied.

We thought of our friends the Trustees in New York, in their libraries and luxurious surroundings, and we resolved that they should show their interest in their old colleague in Alabama. Accordingly, the next morning, in Mobile, we indulged in reckless extravagance at their expense in furnishing that cottage, and

in supplying stores of every kind, and we did not forget the old Trustee. The subsequent history of this school is so interesting and instructive that I append the following, taken from its last annual report, of 1911—this long after the completion of the new teachers' home, for which funds were sent down from Washington shortly after our return. Later came the new schoolhouse.*

From Mobile we turned our faces north-

* *From report of 1911. The People's Village School, Mt. Meigs, Alabama:*

"The school has made rapid strides in two years." Attendance, 1910-11, 233, girls and boys; tuition fees paid \$1,218.90. Attendance, 1911-12, 260, boys and girls; tuition fees paid \$1,278.50. "We are not trying to enlarge the work, but are simply anxious to place the small plant on the very best possible footing. The industries for girls are sewing, cooking, house and laundry work. These are the essential needs of the homes from which our girls come. The laundry room will only accommodate four girls at once, but we are making the best of things and every day more than a dozen girls get a chance to work there. They learn to make starch, to iron and starch clothes, and above all how to wash clean. They are very fond of this work as well as the sewing." A laundry stove is needed. "The boys are taught practical farming while doing the farm work, also gardening." Tools are needed. They are also taught cobbling. Money is needed for repairs, for salaries, for almost everything. "The brighter, more advanced pupils in the classes, girls and boys, are passed on to higher schools, where they may be fitted to become teachers, twelve of these having entered other institutions within the year." The annual receipts of the school are a little over \$4,000. The school shows good work, well done, but is sadly hampered by lack of means.

ward. We had visited twenty-eight schools and institutions, had seen and heard much, and we felt that we had learned our lesson; we knew what we wanted to do and we longed to go to work. We stopped over two days, to visit the battlefield of Chattanooga. No American should pass that way and fail to pay a tribute to the men who fell on those memorable days. They now lie side by side, the Blue and the Gray, on those hillsides, each engagement marked on the monument recording the losses on that particular spot, a simple eloquent story—American history carved in stone.

On our arrival in Washington, we presented our report to the Trustees of the Slater Fund. We urged that efforts should be made to induce the School Boards of the South to introduce simple industrial education into the colored schools, and to increase their number. We offered to appeal to the School Board of Norfolk, Virginia, to allow us to introduce industrial training into one colored school there, and to manage it, as an experiment, at our expense. The trustees approved of our suggestion, and gave us \$2,500 to start the work if permission could be obtained.

We selected Norfolk, because it was near Washington and the centre of a large negro population, with extensive, outlying rural districts filled with just the class we wished to reach. It required much negotiation to induce the Norfolk School Board to accede to our proposal, and to allow us the use of two of their school rooms, after school hours, in the one large building appropriated to the negroes; but they yielded at last.

Our first task was to clean the rooms, hygiene evidently not being a part of the school program. One room was fitted up as a kitchen, the other for sewing. The only conditions for entrance were clean hands and faces and clean aprons. We were fortunate from the first in obtaining the services as teachers of two most capable and intelligent women from New York, Miss Breed and Miss Taylor. It has always been an article of faith with me that He who inspires a work will send the instruments to carry it out, and my creed did not fail me here. We were obliged to give our teachers a free hand, and they justified our confidence.

It is now sixteen years since we started the work in Norfolk, in 1895. Since then we have introduced the industrial instruction into

thirty-three schools in the vicinity, having 3,000 children on the rolls. Boys have gone out to learn trades through the inspiration of the simple instruction known as "Sloyd"; girls have become good cooks, seamstresses and housemaids; and last, but not least, the School Board of Norfolk has become so impressed with the value of the instruction that this year (1911) it has assumed the expense of it in the colored schools, and, what is more, has introduced similar instruction into the white schools. Our work is now actively under way in the rural districts, where the parents express themselves with gratitude, and the children cannot be driven away. The colored people have themselves contributed \$675 to the schools, besides their labor. At present we reach over 7,000 women, girls and boys. Of course we have had discouragements and disappointments, but the success has far outweighed them.

One little incident, which occurred recently, has been to me an exceeding great reward. I was walking in Washington one morning, when I heard a pleasant voice behind me say: "Mrs. Hobson!" I turned, and saw a young colored woman who said: "Excuse me, you don't know me, but I know you, and I want to

thank you for what you have done for my race." *

NOTE.—Mrs. Hobson had the great happiness of living to see, to some extent, the fulfilment of her plans and hopes for the introduction of industrial training for the colored people into the public school system of the South.

It was in 1911, sixteen years after the experiment was being tried in that one school in Norfolk, of which she has written, that the work of the Industrial Classes had so proved its value that industrial training was made part of the public school system for all the colored schools of Norfolk and Portsmouth. This gave her great satisfaction and pleasure.

The work was still continued, however, in the rural schools in the vicinity of Norfolk, the expense being paid in part by the County School Boards and, in much larger part, by the Southern Industrial Classes.

* Since Mrs. Hobson's death, two memorial services have been held by the colored people of Norfolk, in November of each year, to give expression to "the great love and esteem in which she was held by the colored people of our city." "She was indeed a great benefactor," writes one of them. "Her coming was always hailed with great enthusiasm, crowds of people would always be on hand to give her welcome at the annual exhibitions of her work"—so the letters run—with expressions of genuine grief over their great loss. "We have formed a League which bears her name," and plan to meet weekly, to sew, and "to do the things she so much liked."

From letters of Mrs. Louise E. Titus, of Norfolk, Va.

C. E. H.

As her eightieth year approached, Mrs. Hobson felt solicitous about the welfare of these rural schools, not yet ready to be transferred to the School Boards and for which there was no permanent provision. She greatly desired that the Trustees of the John F. Slater Fund should consent to take over the work of the Southern Industrial Classes after her death, assuming the management as well as the expense, until such time as the industrial training of the rural schools should be incorporated into the public school system. With the approval of her Board of Managers, she made this request of the Trustees in the spring of 1912, a few months only before her death. Fully recognizing the value and importance of the work that was being done, the Trustees cordially assented. This was a great relief and satisfaction to her, as she felt that the work was provided for in the future, and would be conducted on sound principles.

It must have been a happy day for Mrs. Hobson when she received the notification that the Trustees of the John F. Slater Fund, at their annual meeting, held April 24, 1912, had adopted the resolution, from which the following extracts are given:

"WHEREAS, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Hobson (President of the Southern Industrial Classes of Norfolk, Va.) has addressed to the Slater Fund Trustees a paper in which she asks them to take over the work of the Southern Industrial Classes, a work originating with and inaugurated by her some sixteen years ago, which during that time has demonstrated its usefulness and its great success."

Here follows a detailed statement of the conditions on which the Trustees agree to take over the work and

"accept this responsibility," the resolution concluding as follows:

"With this understanding, we make our usual appropriation of \$3,500. At the same time, we desire to express our appreciation of Mrs. Hobson's long and earnest labors, which have been an inspiration and incentive to other parts of the South, as well as to express our regret that she no longer feels able personally to conduct the Southern Industrial Classes."

From simply reading Mrs. Hobson's account, in the foregoing pages, of what has been accomplished, no one could possibly know what her share of the work had been. She would speak of the assistance rendered by the managers; of the devotion and ability of Miss Breed and Miss Ellen Taylor, successively resident superintendents; of the zeal of the teachers, both white and colored; of the importance of the work—but not of herself. And yet she was always its mainspring. She obtained for it from the Slater Fund an annual grant of \$3,500, to which was added each year over \$2,000 given by her personal friends. She went herself to Norfolk once or twice every year, while this was possible; she encouraged and helped the workers there; she spared herself neither trouble nor fatigue. She was not only the originator and leader of the work, but its inspiration throughout. Within a very few days of her death, when ill and weak, she was still writing letters in its behalf.

Mrs. Hobson died in June, 1912. On the 11th of January, 1913, the Board of Managers of the Southern Industrial Classes met, passed resolutions, transferred the work to the Trustees of the Slater Fund and formally disbanded.

The distinguishing feature of Mrs. Hobson's work was not the industrial training of the negro. That was already being done, on a large and most important scale at Hampton, as originated by General Armstrong; and was being conducted on an equally important scale by Booker Washington at Tuskegee and in many other places. It was *the introduction of industrial training for negroes into the public school system of the South*, which originated with Mrs. Hobson, and which, beginning in a comparatively small way, is destined eventually to spread through all the Southern States.

CHARLOTTE EVERETT HOPKINS.

XIII

WASHINGTON

1886-1912

IT was in September, 1886, upon my return to the United States, after one of my not infrequent visits to Europe, and fully expecting to occupy my house in New York, that I found, somewhat to my dismay, that my agent, through a misunderstanding, had renewed the lease to my tenant, and I was homeless. I accordingly accepted the proposal of my sister, Mrs. Berdan, to accompany her and her husband to Washington, where they had planned to pass the winter.

How slight are the causes that influence our lives! The accident of the renewal of that lease transformed the whole of my subsequent life, removed me from New York, from its intimacies and associations, and opened out to me new interests and new friends. I was

fifty-five years of age, in perfect health, keen to enjoy what life offered and with a sufficient income for my support. We took a little house on H Street, next to the Hon. George Bancroft's, and commenced to look about us. It was the second year of Mr. Cleveland's administration. He had recently married the charming woman we all learned to love, and the members of his cabinet and their wives composed a group of unusually interesting men and women. Mr. Bayard, then a widower, was Secretary of State; Mr. Endicott, Secretary of War; Mr. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy; Mr. Manning, Secretary, and Mr. Fairchild, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

Before I speak of people in official life, I must give a short account of the non-official society. Washington had not then become a winter city; the millionaires of the East and West had not yet discovered the charm of its climate and the interests of its life. There was hardly a house beyond Dupont Circle. Sixteenth Street was lined with negro shanties, and where now stand the stately marble mansions on Massachusetts Avenue, nothing could then be seen, as the streets were not even opened. The region behind the White House

was a marsh, and Rock Creek park did not exist—in fact, was an unexplored region. H Street, where we established ourselves, was the centre of society. Our nearest neighbors were the Hon. George Bancroft, Hon. Bancroft Davis, Mrs. Clymer, whose daughter afterwards married Mr. Bayard, General Beale and Mr. Corcoran, followed by the residences of Mr. Henry Adams and Mr. John Hay. Beyond, Senator Cameron's beautiful young wife was established, and on the other side of the Square were the Blairs and other old residents. It can be seen that we were in good company, and I shall always gratefully remember the cordial reception we received. One of the first entertainments we attended was at the house of Mrs. Bancroft Davis. It was what was called an evening party, a dinner at eight o'clock, the other guests coming from ten to eleven. 'Twas a delightful way of entertaining. The dinner guests had seen enough of each other and the new arrivals brought in a fresh and agreeable element. That evening I asked some one the name of a man whose appearance interested me. "I don't know," was the reply, "but depend upon it he is somebody, or he would not be here." He proved to be Mr. Phelps, our Min-

ister to England, where he was greatly prized, at home for a few weeks. Those delightful evening parties are now a thing of the past, for the present crowded evening receptions in no way resemble them. There were never more than thirty or forty persons present; we sat in groups; we had time for gossip, discussions and flirtations. The gatherings at Judge Loring's, Secretary Endicott's, and Mr. Samuel Gray Ward's were the most notable. Judge Loring and his clever wife and daughters were always at home Sunday evenings, and there I met for the first time the great men who had fought in the Civil War. They are all gone now, and their lives have been written, and their features immortalized in marble and bronze; but I love to think that I knew Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, that I have heard the tale of the *Monitor* right from Worden's lips, and laughed and joked with many of those whose names are now historic. One is still left, General Horace Porter, who was in most of the great battles.

At Secretary Endicott's we met always a delightful circle, and it was made especially interesting that winter by the undisguised courtship of the lovely daughter of the house by Mr. Chamberlain. I was present at a

dinner at Mrs. Endicott's the day the engagement was announced, when the atmosphere was certainly charged with as many discordant elements as could well have been brought together. The dinner was given to Lady Herbert, who had come over to attend the marriage of her son (afterwards Ambassador) to Miss Wilson. It was the day after the defeat of the Democratic party by the Republicans, when my brother-in-law, Mr. Morton, had been elected Vice-President. I was, of course, happy, and Mr. Bancroft Davis, who was a good Republican, pressed my hand in sympathy under the table. Senator Gibson, a Democrat, shared the feelings of our hosts. With the exception of Lady Herbert, who was perfectly unconscious, all the guests realized the situation, and we so exerted ourselves that by the time the game was served we were all in capital spirits. I asked Mrs. Endicott, some years afterwards, if she remembered that dinner. "Yes, indeed," she replied, "and I cannot tell you how grateful I was to you all." I was also present at the wedding, a month later, when Mr. Whitney displayed that ready hospitality for which he was afterwards so celebrated. At the wedding-breakfast, Mr. Whitney dis-

covered that the large party from Boston were to be in Washington that night. He promptly invited them all (about forty) to dinner. By four o'clock invitations were received to an evening reception. We had music and dancing, and everybody remembered with pleasure Miss Endicott's wedding day.

It is unnecessary for me to dwell on her remarkable career in England. As an English lady of rank said to me: "Mrs. Chamberlain is the best you have sent us." After all, even in a Republic, the old blood tells. To this day there is something about Boston people of old descent which especially distinguishes them. The men are the only ones I know who can lead lives of leisure and not seem lazy. They find something to do which interests them, without giving all their time to making money or in spending it. Of course these men have money, inherited or acquired, but it is not offensively apparent; it seems to fit them like their clothes: they don't talk about it and they don't pity people who haven't it. My dear friend, William Endicott, is of this class.

To return to Washington. I have spoken of Mr. Whitney. He made a good reputation as Secretary of the Navy; in fact, he may be

said to have created our modern Navy, but he also started a new era in Washington society. He set the extravagant pace in entertainments which has gone on increasing ever since.

Mr. Cleveland was a great President. He was laborious and conscientious, brave and fearless; and, although I am a Republican, "dyed in the wool," there are several notable events in his administration of which, as an American, I am very proud.

That winter in Washington was so pleasant that I decided to settle there. Four years of absence had loosened, but not severed, my ties with New York. I bought a house in N street, and it has been my happy home ever since.*

Mr. Harrison succeeded Mr. Cleveland as President. He was a statesman, a fine speaker and a great lawyer; but in manner he was the coldest and most unsympathetic man I ever met. My brother-in-law, Mr. Morton, was the Vice-President. By his second wife he had five daughters, who were just then growing up. Our intimacy was as close as if we

* Mrs. Hobson's home was at 1820 N street, a house noted for its hospitality and where she gathered about her, in an informal way, the most interesting people to be met in Washington.

Editor.

had been blood relations. I found myself with a family around me, and I had with me besides, at that time, my niece, Susan Lay, whose father was our Consul-General in Ottawa. That winter Susan became acquainted with Mr. William F. Wharton, Assistant Secretary of State. They became engaged, and were married a short time afterwards.

Mr. Morton bought a fine large house on Scott Circle and, during his four years of office, maintained its dignity by a hospitality which made it the centre of social and political life.

And now I must say something of the White House life during the Roosevelt administration. No one could know Mrs. Roosevelt without admiring her; she rose to her great position with such dignity and grace. Her sweetness and serenity shed an atmosphere of domestic sunshine in those great rooms, and her cordial manner to the thousands of visitors seemed to each a personal welcome. She had a keen sense of humor, and one can easily imagine that in her husband's society it was constantly exercised. I doubt if in the whole country there exists a happier couple. Those luncheons at the White House! How I used to enjoy them! Rarely more than eight

guests, and generally people of note who were passing through town. Mr. Roosevelt has pre-eminently the hospitable instinct, and its essence was in those luncheons. Such frankness in conversation, such wit, such anecdote! I remember a friend from New York saying to me after leaving the table: "Of course it is an unwritten law that nothing is ever repeated that is said here." The President always said good-bye to his guests as he rose from the table, and Mrs. Roosevelt soon after we reached the drawing-room, an arrangement which provoked a good deal of criticism from people who came from other parts of the country. They did not seem to realize that their hosts' days were occupied to the fullest extent, and that each hour had its engagements. Of course no one can occupy such a position without criticism; everybody cannot be pleased. But no administration since my residence in Washington (of twenty-six years) has exercised such generous and delightful hospitality, or given such a tone to society, as that of the seven years when Mrs. Roosevelt was the "first lady in the land."

LAST JOTTINGS AND LAST LETTERS

*Washington,
January, 1912.*

I have now brought these reminiscences up to date. If I continue they must be in the form of a journal, and I doubt if I can make them of much interest.

February 27th.

Yesterday Mr. Roosevelt "threw his hat into the ring" as he said, and announced that, if he should be renominated at Chicago, he would enter the race for President, representing the Progressive Party.

March, 1912.

We are in the midst of the plans and preparations for the Republican and Democratic conventions, to take place in June. Mr. Taft is using all his influence to secure delegates

instructed for him, and Mr. Roosevelt is convinced that the people want him.

Sunday, April 21, 1912.

The whole country has been stricken with grief and indignation at the loss of the *Titanic*. The tragedy is so appalling, caused by such utter disregard of threatened danger and lack of adequate preparation for emergencies, that the government and the people are.....

This broken line is the last.

Mrs. Hobson died in Bar Harbor, Maine, at her summer home, "Cornersmeet Cottage," on the 11th of June, 1912.

It was in the spring of 1912 that Mrs. Hobson's last illness declared itself. All her life she had been very strong, scarcely an ailment beyond an ordinary cold now and then, but in her eightieth year she realized that this could not long continue. She was so buoyant, so full of life, that her friends gave but little thought to her advancing years, until they found that she was anxious to have her "Southern Industrial Classes" taken over and cared for by the Trustees of the Slater Fund

in case of her death, and was arranging for this.

Always direct, when the first attack of pain came, she insisted upon knowing from her devoted physician and friend, Dr. Sofie Nordhoff Jung, the nature of the trouble, and when told that it was angina pectoris, she faced it with the same brave spirit that she had shown through all the varied circumstances of her life.

She thought, her friends thought, that the end would not be so soon, that she might as an invalid live for several years to come. But this, for one accustomed to no restraint in her movements, to whom travelling, either in Europe or this country, and activity of all kinds, were part of her daily life, was indeed a new experience. How would she meet it? How take it? How accept the life of an invalid?

Her own letters tell us.

TO MISS LOUISA LEE SCHUYLER

*Washington,
May 24, 1912.*

"I am far from well," she writes, "am on a rigid diet, and am forbidden any exertion,

such as walking, running up and down stairs, in fact doing anything I have been accustomed to do. Well—I have had wonderful health and much happiness, the best of relatives and friends, and I am most grateful for the past and resigned to the future. . . . I expect to leave here next Tuesday for Garrison, and I should like to see you as soon as possible after I get there. . . . Your letter, received this morning, gratified me very much. That my little memoir of a great event should have interested the creators of it is indeed flattering to me. It was written from the point of my pen, just as the incidents crowded into my mind as I wrote.” *

TO MISS SCHUYLER

Washington,

May 28th.

“I have been quite ill for the last week, confined to my bed, and have had to give up my visit to Garrison.** I am ordered to go direct to Bar Harbor on Tuesday. Let me see you as soon as you come up to North East Harbor.”

* This refers to the reading aloud on May 11, 1912, the fortieth anniversary of the founding of the State Charities Aid Association, of part of her chapter on the Bellevue Training School for Nurses, which excited great interest among all present.—*Editor.*

** To Mrs. H. Fairfield Osborn, on the Hudson.

TO MR. AND MRS. H. FAIRFIELD OSBORN

*Cornersmeet Cottage,
Bar Harbor, Maine,
June 4, 1912.*

"I found your dear letters and telegram when I reached here last evening, and they warmed my heart which, 'tired,' as the doctor says, still beats strong for those I love.

I wish you could have seen the cavalcade which left 1820 N. street last Saturday. Mrs. Norman Williams sent her carriage for me, and with Dr. Nordhoff and Dr. Fremont-Smith, I started for the station. A taxicab with 'Hutchy'* and the boxes followed. Then Corcoran and Mary in another, and the Lays all in the rear! Dr. Smith arranged to accompany me to Bar Harbor. We could not secure a drawing room, but the doctor thought it was important that I should get away, and he would take the risk of my sitting up to twelve o'clock. I was so exhausted with the Scandinavian Legation being my neighbors, that I suddenly exclaimed; How good it would be to have a private car! This was

* Her faithful maid, Hutchinson, devoted to her for many years.—*Editor.*

enough for my niece, Mary Thom, who was with me. She immediately asked Dr. Smith to telegraph the order, and in half an hour the answer came that a car would be waiting for me at Jersey City. And there it was. I went to bed and slept all the way to Boston. Susy Wharton came here with me, and stayed Saturday and Sunday in Boston. We had a good rest at the Puritan Hotel, a new hotel, most comfortable, *no strike!*

The kindness of dear Dr. Nordhoff cannot be imagined. She came to see me one day four times. Dr. Fremont-Smith and she agreed exactly about my case, so I feel that I am in good hands. As for my friends in Washington, I can only say God bless them!

And now I am in this dear little cottage, in this delicious air perfumed with white lilacs, and I am most grateful to God for all His mercies.

It makes me sad that you, my dearest ones, are to be away this summer. Do come back soon. Best love to Virginia, and thank her for her sweet letter and telegram. Also to Josephine and the two splendid boys."

TO MISS SCHUYLER

*Bar Harbor,
June 6.*

"I asked Mrs. Osborn to send you my letter written after my arrival, which told the story of my journey. Since then I have been resting from the great fatigue of the journey which, in spite of all the alleviations, was a hard one. But now I am in this sweet little cottage, breathing the air perfumed with lilacs, and am *at peace*.

My dear niece, Susy Wharton, came here with me, and when she returns to Groton, my niece, Mary Thom, will come—such dear girls as they are.

I am now striving to acquire resignation and self-control so that I may be able to conform cheerfully to the new life which is before me. Of course I needed the lesson or it would not have been sent to me. Thank God that my 'faculties,' as the old New Englanders called them, are still mine.

God bless the dear sisters."

It is in this letter that Mrs. Hobson speaks of two chapters of her memoirs and asks

"that they be sent on to Margaret Aldrich to read," adding "you know Margaret is the one who inspired me to write the Recollections."

TO MISS MARY PARSONS

*Bar Harbor,
June 8.*

"My little parlor has been glorified by lupins and iris, sent by you through Mrs. Coats with a loving message, and I want to send you a few words of thanks and affection for thus thinking of me.

Yes, here I am an invalid for the first time in my life, for I don't count the accidents or the occasional attacks of bronchitis. But I am forced to accept the fact that the heart that has beaten so long and served me so well is calling a halt, and that I must submit and live accordingly. Well, few women have had such a long, healthy and happy life, and I am most grateful to Him who has sent me so many blessings—among the greatest the dear friends who have never failed me. Among these, dear Mary, I count you, and I trust that sometime this summer I shall have the pleasure of seeing you here, to have again one of our long, sympathetic talks.

Dear Nelly Blodgett is coming to see me to-morrow. Susy Wharton came here with me, and when she returns next week Mary Thom comes, and my sister Carrie later. I expect my sister, Mary Berdan, will come with Mrs. Woodworth, who sails June 14."..

TO MISS MAUDE K. WETMORE

*Cornersmeet Cottage,
Bar Harbor,
June 10, 1912.*

"I cannot tell you how sorry I was not to see you when you came the day before I left, but the doctor was imperative that I should see no one. I am only just beginning to realize how serious my illness is, and that hereafter I must regard myself as more or less of an invalid; the heart is not to be trifled with, and mine is an old one which has done a great deal of work in its time.....

My little cottage is comfort itself and I hope in time to be able to drive out. As I lie here in bed, I think with much gratitude that we were able this spring to settle the matter of the schools so satisfactorily, and that hereafter they will go on, spreading from county to county through Virginia and further

on. The last sentence of the Slater resolution I often repeat to myself—that the work has been an inspiration to the whole South. I trust, dear Maude, that you will always take an interest in it, and extend that strong, firm hand of yours toward it when it wants guidance and encouragement beyond the work of those Boards. It is the personal touch which keeps such work alive. Boards are so impersonal, they appropriate the money and then go about their own business. The report this year is going to be very interesting, especially the teachers' letters. I propose that a meeting shall be called in the autumn and one in the spring, the first to report plans, and the second to report progress. I have written to Emily Mulligan about it.

I cannot tell you, dear Maude, how much I value the affection you have always shown me, and now that I lie in bed and count over my blessings, I always include you among the dear ones I love."

This was probably the last letter written by Mrs. Hobson, for, a few hours later, she was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill. Doctor Smith was summoned. "Doctor, am I dy-

ing?" she said to him. He, fully believing she would rally, answered, "No, Mrs. Hobson, you are not dying." She said no more, nothing to indicate that she knew the end was near. Gradually she became weaker and finally unconscious, passing away in the early morning of the 11th of June, 1912, without suffering, quietly, peacefully.

There is nothing to regret, for her nor for those who loved her, but rather cause for deep thankfulness. Instead of years of possible invalidism and suffering, there came the merciful, quick release. She had accepted her great trial with entire resignation to the will of God, and was ready to go.

Her last day, or rather the day before the last, was a happy one. Her beloved niece, Mrs. Wharton, was with her, her dear friend, Miss Blodgett, had come from North East Harbor to see her. In that little parlor, so associated with all that was pleasant—a warm welcome, hospitality, good talk—she lay on the sofa with the two young friends she loved by her side, while through the open windows came the soft June air and the perfume of flowers. Luncheon was announced—but not for her, not for the invalid! A few minutes later, much to their surprise, she joined her

friends at table, saying, "she did not mean to be shut out from such good company," and, taking her seat, led the conversation as delightfully as ever. It was Mrs. Hobson's youth, not her age, which impressed people, and this lasted to the end.

In the vestibule of Grace Church, the church she had attended when living in New York, on a beautiful June morning, she lay covered with flowers, her family and her friends about her. They had come from Boston, Washington, Norfolk, Va., from Long Island and the Hudson River, many of those whose names appear in these memoirs and many others. They gathered about her in that little vestibule, wishing to be near, to lay a flower at her feet, to feel again that sense of companionship which, in her case, death had not taken away. It was characteristic that she had requested the *Te Deum* to be sung instead of the funeral psalms.

She lies in Greenwood, in her father's plot.

The following notice of Mrs. Hobson appeared in the New York *Evening Post* of June 14, 1912, and is inserted here by request of

her family. Written by one of her friends, it is so appreciative of Mrs. Hobson's personality, character and achievement that it is appended in full as a fitting close to these memoirs.

"The death of Mrs. Joseph Hobson, of Washington, at her summer home in Bar Harbor, June 11, 1912, brings to her wide circle of friends a sense of irreparable loss, for her eighty years found her young in heart and in head and brought her only the gift of added wisdom and sympathy. Of good old New England descent, educated in New York, living for many years after her marriage in South America—her husband, the head of one of the great business houses there—Mrs. Hobson had the lifelong habit of hospitality, the habit of society, and the power to understand and to appreciate persons of all countries and callings. This social talent was still further enhanced by a later residence in New York and in Europe, her family connections bringing her in contact with both diplomatic and literary circles in Rome, Constantinople, Berlin, and Paris.

In whichever country Mrs. Hobson resided, and however much interested in its public questions, she was always a loyal American, allowing no aspersions upon her country and

proud of her American citizenship. She read extensively, was cultivated in many directions, and her letters are full of charm. Her intelligent and independent point of view, her kindly humor and vivacity, and her fund of anecdote, made her conversation most interesting. She spoke both French and Spanish fluently, and her house in Washington, for the past twenty-five years, has been a centre of delightful social intercourse.

But the earnest side of Mrs. Hobson's character was too strong and deep to be satisfied with social achievements only. Loyal and devoted to her family and friends, her heart and her helpfulness went out to a much wider range of interests. In New York, in 1872-73, she showed marked ability as a member of the committee of the State Charities Aid Association, which organized the Bellevue Training School for Nurses, the first school of the kind in this country for the training of nurses. As chairman of the Hospital Committee of the Association, she introduced 'First Aid to the Injured' into this city and country, organizing the first society of that name. Of late years, after she had made Washington her permanent residence, Mrs. Hobson gave her whole-hearted support to the industrial train-

ing of the colored people, especially that of young girls. For them she established the "Southern Industrial Classes," in Norfolk, Va., and in other parts of Virginia. The success of this work was so great that it has been taken over as part of the public-school system of Norfolk, and is gradually being extended elsewhere in the South. This is one of Mrs. Hobson's most important achievements.

Throughout her long life of eighty years, 'a happy life,' as she always called it, Mrs. Hobson's sweet and strong nature brought love and cheer into many hearts of several generations. Her active life, with all her faculties unimpaired, continued to within a few weeks of her death. Then came the warning note that henceforth hers must be a life of circumscribed effort. This she accepted with the same sweet spirit and religious faith which never failed her. The end came sooner than was anticipated. Suddenly, peacefully, without suffering, she passed on into that other world of light and love."



APPENDIX

A PETITION

To Mrs. Joseph Hobson

And have you kept no diaries,
To hand you on and off the stage,
Whenever talk turns on our age
As learned from Lives and Memories?

While we who knew you live to quote,
Your words and views must oft be heard;
But you, who find tradition blurred,
Should not be shrined in anecdote.

Neat pages, like your *livre-de-comptes*,
Should sum the seasons you have seen;
From Lima to the Levantine
You could put down the things that count.

We know you missed the Civil War
Sojourning in a distant land;
Yet in one fight you took a hand
By sailing on a man-of-war.

You reached New York in time to clean
Those wards which made the dying dead,
But old reports aren't often read
And many know not what has been.

We want your story of the South,
How you have seen the black man learn,
And then we want the page to turn
On how you loathe the tariff's growth.

The world has changed since you were young.
You hold an age in either hand,
And each you love and understand,
But not so those you walk among;

The early half is long ago,
And we delight to hear you state,
Now humorous and now sedate,
The way you learned the things you know.

No kindergarten had been made,
But there were Bibles, were there not?
The summer never seemed too hot
To stay at home and in the shade.

Your parents held that common sense
Went further than too broad a mind,
They did not think to be "refined"
Or "delicate" should give offense.

There was a lady in despair!
Her husband had disgraced their name;
Back to her father's house she came
And wore strange caps upon her hair.

You thought her very old, of course,
Yet she was only thirty-five,
And moved as though but half alive;
That was the way they took Divorce.

You see we listen when you tell,
But we have not your clear-cut prose,
And so we pray you to compose
These pictures you have loved so well.

As for the child you sit and sew
Small garments, soon to be outgrown;
We think instead you should put down
The things you wish that she might know;

And when the daily note you write,
We also crave that, in a book,
You'd say who came and which man took
You in to dinner on that night.

You may not owe this to a friend,
Nor to your nieces great and small,
But something you do owe for all,
The books of memories which blend

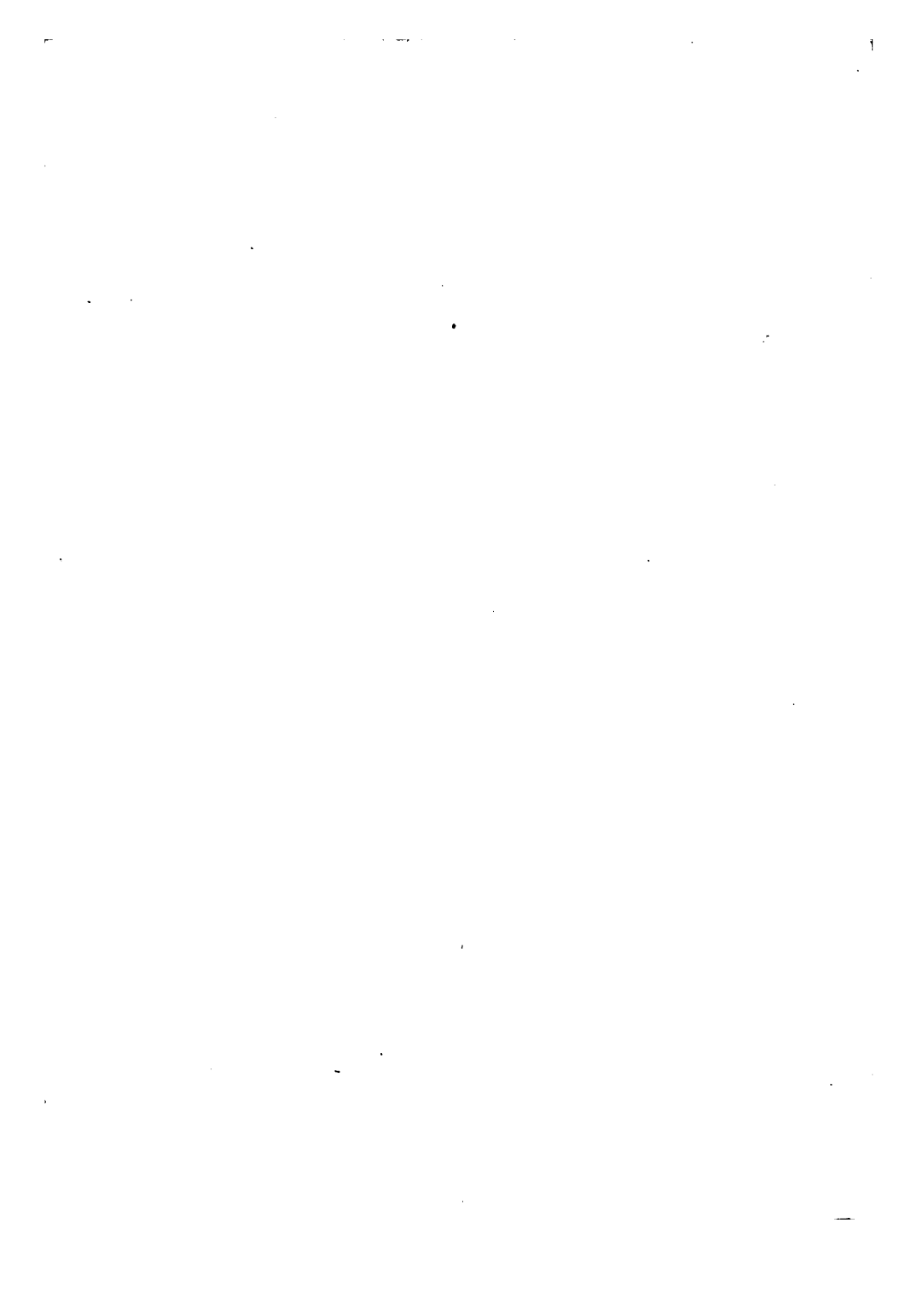
Themselves together in your mind;
How often we have heard you say:
"Let me have memoirs grave or gay."
'Tis gratitude should make you bind

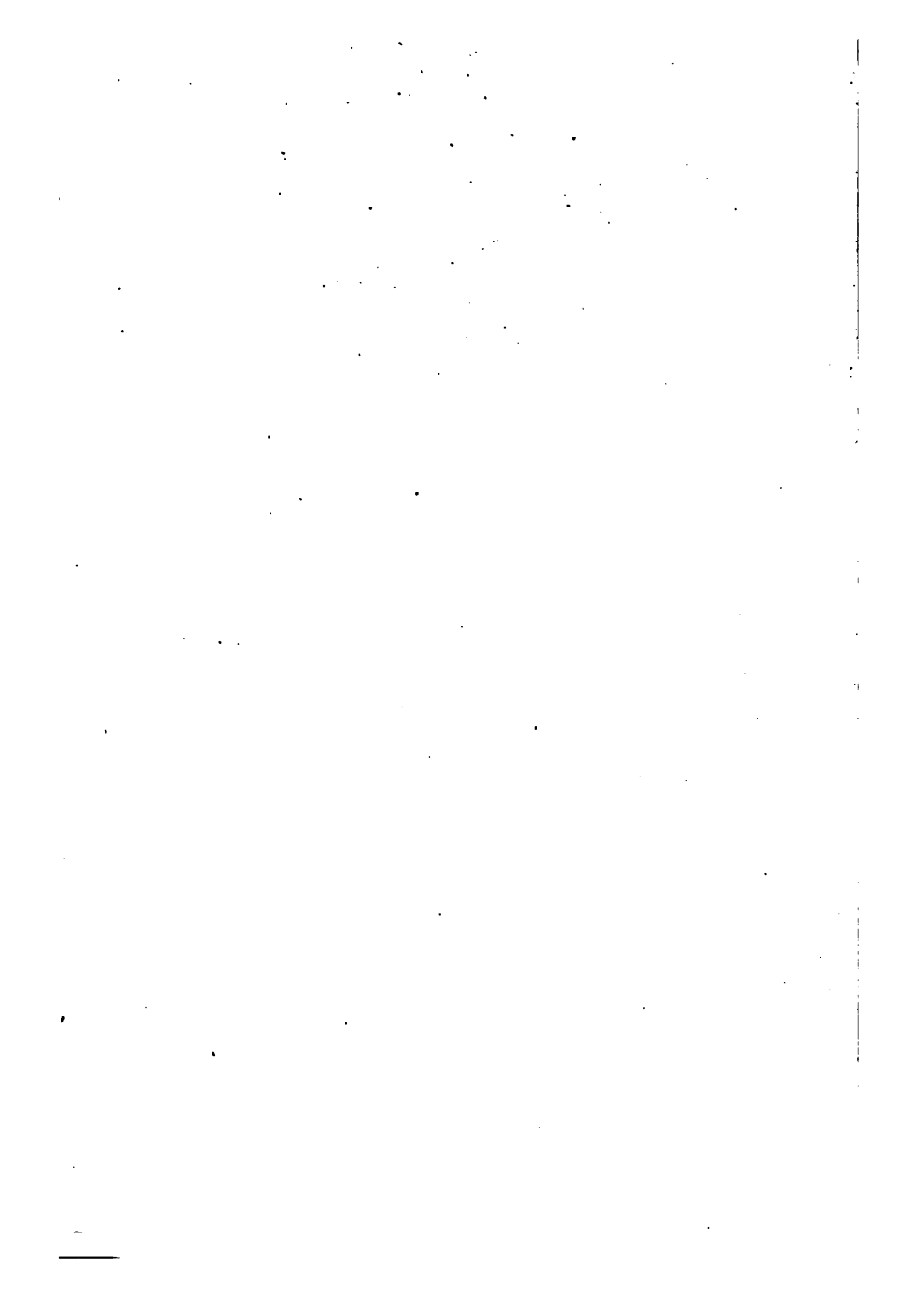
A sheaf from all that you have seen;
And when a neighbor's tale you broach,
That fear may be without reproach
The unnamed stars * * * can shine between.

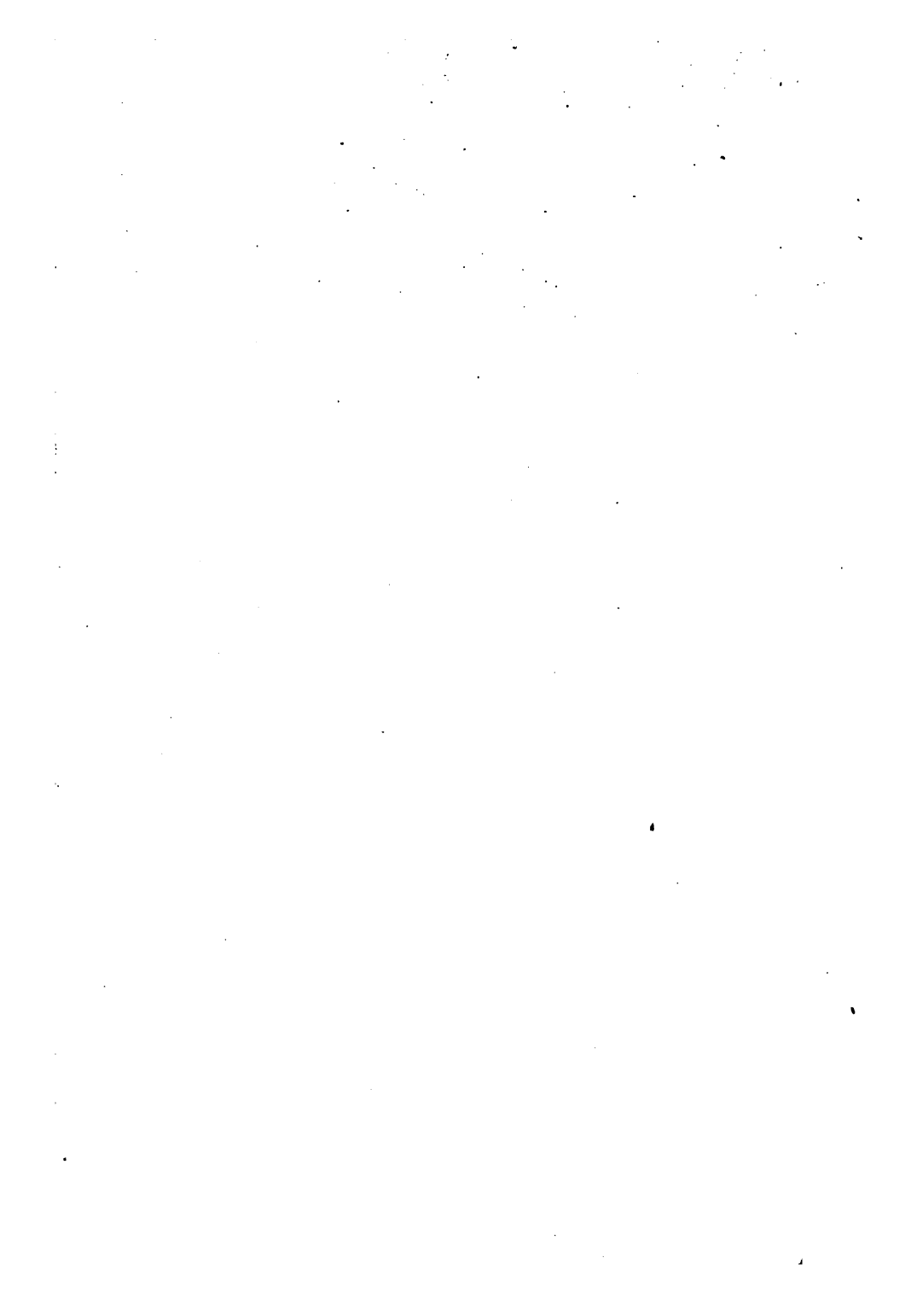
The Petition was signed by:

President and Mrs. Roosevelt.
Mrs. Richard Aldrich.
Miss Grace Bigelow.
Miss Eleanor Blodgett.
Miss Helen Dunham.
Colonel and Mrs. Archibald Hopkins.
Miss Gertrude Livingston Hoyt.
Mr. and Mrs. Morris K. Jesup.
Mrs. James Lowndes.
Mr. and Mrs. H. Fairfield Osborn.
Mr. Arthur Jeffrey Parsons.
Mr. and Mrs. John E. Parsons.
Miss Mary Parsons.
Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler.
Miss Georgina Schuyler.
Miss Emily Tuckerman.
Mr. and Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt.
Miss Maude K. Wetmore.

1907.







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